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NOTICE.

On Saturday, February 28th, 1846, THE CRITIC was enlarged, from 24 to 32 pages, making it the LARGEST LITERARY JOURNAL IN EUROPE. Back numbers, to complete sets, may be had, or Vols. I. and II. may be had, handsomely bound, price only 10s. each.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

The Education of Taste. A Series of Lectures. By WILLIAM MACCALL, author of "The Agents of Civilisation," "The Individuality of the Individual," &c.

London: Chapman, Brothers.

Myles Davies has quaintly observed, that "a big book is a scare-crow to the head and pocket of the author, student, buyer, and seller." Many readers hold the same opinion as Myles Davies, and would become hysterical at the sight of "The Similitude" of Zoroaster, which is modestly said to take up no more space than 1,260 hides of cattle,—a queer mode, by the way, of measuring literary labour. We shall not review Mr. Maccall's book in reference to its size, but exclusively in reference to its small, but we never follow the plan of a certain literary humourist, of whom we have read, who, when he invited his friends to dinner, placed them according to the size and thickness of the books they had printed. At the head of the table sat the men of the folio, next the authors of the quarto, and then those of the octavo. Men of less magnitude in paper we presume were not known, or, if known, not acknowledged by our literary host; but what an elevated position would Zoroaster, and Aristotle, and Varro have had at the board!

The Education of Taste, which lies before us, is a book in advance of popular thought and popular comprehension. While it is less elaborated, it has at the same time more inclusive ideas than most of the works which have been written on the subject of Taste. Taste has been so differently defined, or endeavoured to be defined, by different authors, that among the many learned disquisitions on the subject, the very proofs brought forward in favour of a particular rule of taste, have proved that taste itself is only a principle of mind,

more or less diversified as mind is diversified. Some writers have untended that "Taste is the power of selecting the best from all other parts of its object." As a general truth we do not object to this, but where is that other power which is, in the first place, to distinguish the best from the less perfect? That other power lies in the cultivation of intellect, or in the education of taste. When Mr. MACCALL uses such a title as the Education of Taste, he generalizes while he individualizes education. He would educate individual taste, and universal taste would flow from it, and indeed be a portion of it. He would not isolate taste into the mere caprice of purchasing a picture, playing on a musical instrument, or cultivating a flower; because, by indulging in each of these, the faculties of the individual would not be harmonious. We give Mr. MACCALL's own words—

Look, on the other hand, at the man truly tasteful. With him there is no caprice, no liking to mislead from that divine centrality with regard to all things in which he lives, moves, and has his being. Not with a Utilitarian calculation, but with the majestic repose that dwells in a mind that has had strength to survive the storms of passion and of doubt, he receives all of true, of beautiful, that each of his faculties is capable of receiving; while he receives all of true, of holy, of beautiful, that the entireness of his nature is capable of embracing. This is taste,—the only taste which I can recognize; all other taste seems to me either maudlin dilettanteism, or frivolous scholasticism.

BURKE asserted taste to be a faculty, while Mr. Maccall holds it to be a certain state of our faculties; but BURKE so far bears out the author of the Education of Taste as to affirm, that what we understand by taste, is far from a simple and determinate idea in the minds of most men. This certainly is an argument for the individuality of taste; because if taste were not individual, and could be taught as a schoolmaster teaches arithmetical rules, then at once it would be "determinate," although it may not be "simple."

These remarks are contradictory to what BURKE elsewhere asserts, that "the standard of taste is the same in all human creatures." But BURKE is conscious of the difficulty and of the result of reducing taste to the standard which he has set up. He thinks that when we define taste, we are in danger of circumscribing nature within the bounds of our own notions. Mr. Maccall's idea of taste is the more excellent, inasmuch as he has not circumscribed nature. Taste is with him a

feelings and emotions which complete the most entire and most perfect development of man; such as "Taste and Religion," "Taste and Morality," "Taste and Poli-We allow Mr. MACCALL to answer his own query.

What is Taste? It is not a faculty, but that state of our faculties by which they can equally appreciate and equally enjoy whatever is presented to their attention. It is the individual in the completeness of his individuality; seeing and feeling an object in its completeness; distinguishing that which is essential in its completeness, from its foreign incrustations. It is not an idea, not a theory, not an infallibility. It cannot be bowed to the tyranny of general rules. As every individual varies from every other individual, so must the taste of every individual vary from the taste of every other individual. There is a collective taste; but the collective taste is only in proportion to the unfolding and expression of individual taste. collective taste of Greece, when Greece was most brilliant and fertile in its productions of literature and art, was the taste of the individuals who then peopled Greece; not a mere dream of beauty which writers and artists cherished. Never before, never after, did Greece so assert its intellectual supremacy; because, never before, never after, in Greece were permitted to the nature of the individual such freedom and entireness of display. To suppose, at the same time, a sublime outburst of Grecian genius in literature and art, and a general prevalence of bad taste in the Grecian nation, or a general prevalence of good taste in the Grecian nation, and a marked decline of genius in literature and art, is only a supposition; for it could not, in any circumstances, have been a reality. Genius and tests are the conditions of each other, the necessities of each other. A man of genius is one, whose whole nature, invention being a component, is harmoniously disclosed; insofar as any part of his nature is not so perfectly thrown forth as the rest, insofar is he deficient in genius; and insofar is he deficient in taste. A man of taste is one whose whole nature is harmoniously disclosed; bestow on him the gift of invention, and he becomes a man of genius; but with the gift that would be a defect in the genius, which, without it, would be equally a defect in the taste are a remarkably tasteless people; whence so? Because certain of their faculties are strangled; and certain others are enormously and unhealthily active. Any attempt to confer taste upon the Scotch would fail, which did not tend to bring out the individual in his individuality. Among such a people, indirect must accomplish more than direct endeavours for the improvement of taste. Not that the latter ought to be reglected; but however sustained and energetic, they will avail little when compared with the former. We might array the most elaborate machinery to produce and to nourish in the Scotch the feeling of the beautiful. Vain would be the labour. But if we pressed into more vigorous play one of the faculties which religious prejudices or other causes, keep fettered, and reduced within its proper limits another that bears an extravagant sway, and thus produced a nearer approach to an equilibrium of the entire nature, we should inevitably, and to the extent of that approach, be contributing to the amelioration of taste. The Irish are another most tasteless people. Is their want of taste explicable, otherwise than the want of taste in the Scotch? removable by any other instrumentality? Should we not be sure to fail, if we tried direct means to attain the desired result? But would not the result at once be attained, if we freed the faculties that are chained, and tamed down those that are licentious and despotic? The English are a far more tasteful people than the Scotch and Irish. And is it not because there it is less extravagantly restrained, and less extravagantly indulged? With the English, therefore, we should pursue more direct means for the improvement of taste, in proportion to the difference just stated between them and their fellow-subjects. In the French character there is not much suppressed; but certain faculties have received a forced and formal culture, which has led as fatally to the overthrow of that equilibrium, whose existence is taste, as if certain other faculties had been In the American character all the unnaturally restrained. active faculties are kept in a steam-engine fury of occupation, while all the reflective ones are frowned out of sight. Can we wonder, then, that the Americans, so utterly destitute of equi-

most comprehensive thing; and he links it with all those | librium, should be so utterly destitute of taste? The Germans have the best balanced character of any nation in the world; and therefore they have more taste than any other nation in the world. As might be expected, the German authors are the only authors of modern times who have written well on the subject of taste. It may seem strange to call the Germans a tasteful nation, and especially to raise them to the eminence to which I have just ventured to raise them. The Italians, at first sight, are far more tasteful than they; but they cease to be so when viewed by the light of the definition which I have given of That the Italians have a sensibility to impressions from beautiful objects which other nations have not; that they have an aptitude which other nations have not for realizing, ternal forms, their idea of beauty, I readily grant. But this sensibility, this aptitude, do not include taste. In spite of them both, the Italian is just as likely to be tasteless as the Scotchman or Irishman, who has neither the sensibility nor the The Germans, however, have much of this sensibility and of this aptitude, while they have besides that calm, that amplitude, that harmony of nature, which, securing the suitable exertion of all the faculties, secures the enjoyment of all, by the marvellous discrimination of the essential and the nonessential, of the real and the conventional, of the eternal and the transitory, which that suitable exertion of all the faculties

> Of the doctrine of individuality which Mr. MACCALL has taught so long and earnestly, we select the following :-

> > SELF-RELIANCE.

We are to ourselves the standard of creation, the type of humanity, the image of God, but only insofar as meditation calm unbiassed and mature has revealed us to ourselves. How many do we see who, catching one of the stray notions afloat in society, illumine the light of their ignorance by setting fire with the said notion to the jungle of their imagination, and call the mad blaze their inward light? All who lay hold of the same notion, and catch the same flame of insane infallibility, are hailed as brothers, and straightway a sect is formed with a name more or less a lie; with the sublime and generous purpose of dispersing the darkness of the world :- the ignis fatuus and its companions proclaiming to the stars that they are an imposture and a mockery. It is not, however, from without, but from within, that the radiance is to come which is to brighten our path. The sparks which we strike out, in digging for the ore of thought in the depths of our spirit, can alone kindle the lamp of life, which is to give splendour and guidance to our deeds. He who has profoundest fathomed the ocean of his own being will rise highest on the mountain of Endeavour. After manifold vain attempts to obtain by outward means, strength, knowledge, wisdom, and virtue, we are evermore driven back upon ourselves with confusion and bitterness. Seekest thou truth, or Him, the Infinite, whose name is also Truth, thou wilt find them nowhere but in the beatings of thy own breast, as it gazes, and shudders when gazing, on the abyss of eternal mystery. The only miracle thou hast ever beheld, or art ever fated to behold, is thyself,— thy perpetual combat with doubt, and gloom, and passion, and evil, on the battlefield of thy soul, and thy final victory over these thy enemies. People love themselves above all things: yet all things they generally study more, and with the attributes of all things are they generally more fami-liar, than that which they love above all things. It is strange what pains they will suffer—what difficulties they will face-to what humiliation they will submit, to ascertain that which a moment's intercourse with their own consciousness would have shown. Much is said of goodness and of courage :- let garlands be given to the hero by those who admire with loud acclaim the hero's fulminating exploits: on the graves of the dead, whose career had realised the world's conception of excellence, let flowers be strewn by those whose conception of excellence is the world's concep-tion: but he is the bravest man and the best who never needs or seeks any other counsellor than his own heart-who never obeys any thing but the dictates of his heart, and who dares to look at all times calmly on the aspects of his heart. Hero he -Saint he, though there may be no crown for his brow-no leam of glory on his tomb. Nor yearns he for the crown or gleam of glory on his tomb. Nor yearns he for the crown or the glory. For he who is bold enough to live where alone

there is life for him, in the innerness of his being, knows too well how capriciously the reward and the renown which man gives to man are bestowed, to care for their obtainment.

We are induced to give one or two more extracts from this work, knowing that our readers will fully admire them for their power and beauty.

RELIGIOUS CHEERFULNESS.

We may always begin to suspect that our religion is ceasing to be pure and natural whenever it induces us to look less cheerfully on God and on God's universe than before. Recall by an easy exertion of memory the religion of thy childhood, ere the worm of theological bitterness had eaten into its freshness and beauty. How bright the skies!—how fair,—how instinct with life all on which the light of the skies fell! What hast thou lost of this happy religion, and its happy accompaniments? What of gloomy and of grim hast thou put in the place of that which thou hast lost? The lost restore—the substituted banish. Learn to look on God as thou didst when the first prayer rose from thy lips to mingle with the odours of Paradise. Nor is the gloomy alone to be forgotten, and the cheerful alone to be restored, in endeavouring to make taste and religion identical.

THE IDEAL.

Moreover, the pervading feeling next to the feeling of the Divine, is the feeling of the ideal; in those whose equilibrium and comprehension of being are so great, as to permit us to place them apart as types of true taste. Now, the feeling of the ideal is always the feeling of something sublimer, more beautiful, than anything that our perceptions present. Beyond the brightest, it aspires to a brighter,—beyond the grandest to a grander,—beyond the best, to a better. All external glory waxes dim, when compared to the radiant forms that dwell in its fancy, and its heart. It does not repel the outward; for this would be to suppose it in an unhealthy condition. It does not shun the ordinary in thirst for the extraordinary; for this would be a romantic not an ideal feeling. It has no superb disdain for every thing but the selectest of things select; for this would be an intellectual epicurism to which the ideal is thoroughly antagonistic. Details it does not despise; but by an irresistible necessity it is carried beyond, and above them. It is not critical; and details are never viewed, or can be viewed, except critically. Criticism compares one detail with another detail, or one object with another object:—the ideal compares the object in its wholeness, and without reference to its details, with its own unrealisable conceptions.

Our readers will see, from the extracts we have given, that the author of the Education of Taste is a man of vast resources; but we again repeat that Mr. Maccall's works are in advance of popular thought and comprehen-sion. For this they will be the more admired by those whose intellect can grasp the most enlarged ideas, and whose mental ear can catch the most harmonious utter-ances of genius. Mr. Maccall must not be surprised if he should not become a popular writer. He is for the few, not for the many; because he is too much spiritualised, and not sufficiently worldly in his philosophy to familiarise himself with the littleness of worldly men. He would have the people march upwards to the pedestal on which he stands, but he cannot descend from his elevation and mingle with their follies and their conventionalities. Mr. MACCALL appears to us, from his present work, and his previous writings, as a man too intellectually honest and unbending to become popular. Popularity, in a number of cases, is tact, and not genius. Many writers catch, from the surface of society, its whims and frivolities, but they have so much skill in holding them forth, that society smiles to behold its own features and its own failings.

Timon of Athens and Biron are unbearable, but Falstaff is petted. The two former saw the littleness of men, and called it by its proper name; the latter saw it, but in him the severity of the censor melted into a laugh. Mr. Maccall's system of individuality is a task for the people, and they do not like tasks. It insists on self-analysis and self-discipline, which is not taught

in present academies.

We have not made these remarks in order to induce Mr. MACCALL to quit his philosophy for a philosophy more popular. We should regret if he were to turn aside from the path he has chosen. We have merely pointed out the unpopularity of his system, but on this account it is not the less great, not the less noble, not the less true. So long as the doctrine of individuality possesses such an advocate as Mr. MACCALL, it will remain a subject familiar to the intellectual portion of society. When a man of vigorous intellect pleads for a cause, he may always be sure that all other men of vigorous intellect will listen to his preaching. Genius is always sympathetic, and it draws towards itself kindred genius.

HISTORY.

Historical View of the Literature of the South of Europe. By J. C. L. SISMONDE DE SISMONDI. Translated from the Original, with Notes, and a Life of the Author. By THOMAS ROSCOE. Second edition. In 2 vols. London, 1846. Bohn.

This is the latest and perhaps the most valuable addition to Mr. Bohn's Standard Library, whose characteristic it is that it publishes in a handsome, yet singularly cheap form, the best English and Foreign works entire, unmutilated and unabridged.

The previous volumes of the series have been already introduced to the readers of The Critic in succession, on their appearance, and it is now our pleasing duty to welcome the accession of Sismond's famous History of the Literature of the South of Europe.

Tempted by the attractions of such a theme, fain would we enter upon an elaborate review of a work in which it has been so ably handled. But the appearance of "second edition" on the title-page forbids. Its merits are already familiar to all our readers, who will need only to know that it may be procured for a few shillings, to hasten to place it upon their shelves.

The value of this edition has been much increased by the introduction of an Index, without which, indeed, no history ought ever to be published.

For the information of those who may not be acquainted with Sismondi's history, it may not be amiss briefly to present an outline of his plan for treating the subject.

Having taken a rapid glance at the corruption of the Latin, the formation of the Romance language, and the literature of the Arabians, he reviews the poetry and language of Provence, in which he presents a most interesting notice of the Troubadours. This leads him to the romances of chivalry, and the poetry of the Trouvères, and then to the Italian language, and its first great poet Dante, and his influence on his age. The literature of Italy in the fifteenth century is reviewed, comprising as it did the two great names of Ariosto and Tasso, down to its decline in the seventeenth century, in the age of the Scientesti, as they were termed. The eighteenth century calls for a notice of Italian comedy. Turning from his native land to Spain, Sismondi then traces in like manner the origin of the language and poetry of Spain, examines the poem of the "Cid," and traces the literature of that land downward to the close of the eighteenth century, dwelling particularly upon the works of Cervantes and their influence upon his age, and the romantic drama of "Lope de Vega." The literature of Portugal is the next theme, Camoens being the most conspicuous object.

In the management of his subject, SISMONDI has displayed great skill. He has taken a bird's-eye view of the vast field before him, and presented a faithful picture of it to the reader. He has contrived to be particular without being minute. His criticism is generally marked by acuteness, and most commendable for its im-

partiality. He writes like one familiar with the matter of his discourse, and with the earnestness of a man who gives utterance to feelings as well as to thoughts. opinions are usually illustrated by examples, and these Mr. Roscoe has translated as elegantly as the difficulties of a poetical version will permit. It is indeed a work which all should read who desire to acquaint themselves with the history of mind in the south of Europe. It is not only the best, but it is the only one extant.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of the Right Honourable George Canning. By ROBERT BELL, Author of "The History of Russia, &c. London, 1846. Chapman and Hall.

GEORGE CANNING is a solitary instance, in English History, of literary talents lifting their possessor from a station comparatively low to the highest places of political distinction. Yet were not those talents such as of themselves to justify so remarkable a fortune. Many a man has written better things-many have spoken finer speeches—and yet have died as they had lived, in the station to which they were born, and which an insurmountable barrier appeared to prevent their passing. There is more in fortune and circumstances than we are willing to acknowledge. They lifted CANNING to be Prime Minister of England, as they have chained many better men to the drudgery of the desk or the penury of the garret.

Mr. Bell has laboured diligently to throw light upon the early life of CANNING, but he leaves it as he found it, a mystery. The facts he has gathered do not account for the consequences we behold. How his rise was accomplished is nowhere explained. To-day we see him in one sphere, to-morrow in a different one, and we cannot learn by what effort or accident he succeeded in moving from the one into the other. We feel that there is something not known; a secret which the biographer has not fathomed; more than meets the eye; and that destroys the completeness of the picture. But it is not the fault of Mr. Bell; it was during Canning's life a problem he would not solve even to his most intimate friends. He never told the precise history of his rise, and as Mr. Bell has failed to trace it, probably it will never now be known, and an example will be lost to the world.

GEORGE CANNING was born on the 11th of April, 1770. His father, according to Mr. Bell, was a lineal descendant of the Canynges of Bristol, immortalized by CHATTERTON, but his immediate progenitors were Irish, and he was himself cast upon the world a poor gentleman, with an allowance of 150% a year to fight his way as best he might. The elder George Canning entered the Middle Temple in 1757, but he was a lawyer in name only. Instead of pursuing his profession he turned author, and wrote bad poems and fierce party pamphlets, siding with "WILKES and Liberty." He led a very profligate life, got into deht, joined in cutting off the entail of the family property to which he was heir, for some trifling consideration that relieved him for a time; then he plunged into debt again, and when his embarrassments were hopeless, he married a young lady named COSTELLO, pretty but portionless; became a wine merchant, failed in that attempt also, and, three years afterwards, died, leaving his widow unprovided for, with an only son, George Canning, the illustrious subject of this memoir, then only twelve months old.

In so unpromising a manner was this great man ushered into life; such the evil fortune that attended upon his infancy. His mother sought her livelihood upon the stage, to which her beauty and her abilities recommended her. She made her appearance at Drury-

favourite. But she had no real genius for the pursuit into which necessity rather than inclination had conducted her, and from filling the leading characters she gradually declined to be no more than the "walking lady," or the lady's maid. She formed a connection with a player named REDDISH, and took his name. From London she travelled into the provinces, where, probably, she passed as a sort of star. On one of these probably, she passed as a sort of star. excursions she married Mr. HUNN, a bankrupt draper, of Plymouth, and with him she lived for many years in the West of England, and, if we rightly remember, at Collumpton, in Devonshire.

Such were the guardians and guides of CANNING'S childhood and early youth. But luckily his father's relations pitied his situation, and one of his uncles, Mr. STRATFORD CANNING, a merchant in London, and himself destined to be the father of a man of some note, Sir Stratford Canning, took charge of the boy, removed him from his dangerous associations, sent him to Win-chester, and afterwards to Eton. Whether the kindness of the uncle was prompted by mere good feeling, or whether the boy's unmistakeable talents and graceful manners had excited for him a special interest, we are

not told. At Eton the young Canning speedily distinguished himself, not only by his ready scholarship but also by the brilliancy of his wit, and the facility with which he wrote themes prescribed and essays, epigram and poetry, not falling within the category of school exercises. It is probable that the foundation of his subsequent fortunes was laid in this school. His fine parts recommended him to the notice, and the gentleman that was inherent in him to the regard, of those of his schoolfellows most distinguished in rank and connection, and the fruits of

the friendships then formed were visible in his after rise. From Eton he went to Oxford, where again he charmed a large circle of acquaintances, and thence he proceeded to the Inns of Court, intending to make the law his pro-

fession.

His fame had preceded him to London. was he settled here when his school and college acquaintance eagerly sought his society. He was admitted into the best circles as a privileged man; and the Whig coterie turned an eye to him as one whose talents might advantageously be enlisted into their ranks.

But, by some means not explained, Mr. PITT was induced to notice him, and the flattery of a minister, and of such a minister as Mr. PITT, who had place and pension in his gift, was more likely to attract a young man who had his own fortune to make than the more exciting but less substantial cheers of an opposition. Canning suddenly became a Tory, and was put into Parliament in the year 1793 for the borough of Newport, on the convenient retirement of Sir RICHARD WORSLEY.

Throughout the whole of this period of his life, from the time of his quitting school to that of coming into parliament, there is a mystery which must strike every reader. How did he live? College life costs something. A man cannot study for the Bar and visit in the highest circles without a tolerable income; nor can a Member of Parliament subsist upon "hear, hear," and "cheers from both sides." CANNING had not a farthing of his own. His uncle died in 1788, and left him nothing. His mother could with difficulty keep herself. There is some dubious sort of story of a sum of 2001. per annum, charged on the paternal estate on the cutting off of the entail; but of this there is no evidence-it is only rumour and conjecture. How, then, did CANNING subsist? It is to be regretted that Mr. BELL has been unable to solve this problem, for the sake of the many young men of parts who would fain, like him, be gentlemen without money and without work. Such an example would have been invaluable; it would have totally eclipsed the famous lane in 1773, as Jane Shore, and for a time was a public treatise, "How to Live in comfort and respectability on

150l. a year." CANNING might have taught us how to live as a gentleman upon nothing! Yet we never heard that he got into debt or gambled. Did his pen help him live as a gentleman upon nothing!

to an income?

His after career is familiar to all who remember the history of the present century. His reputation in the House of Commons rose as rapidly as it had done at school and at college. He was found to be that most valuable of assistants to a minister, a ready debater, prompt at reply, and capable of hitting an adversary very hard with the utmost suavity of manner. The next year he was honoured with the duty of seconding the Address, and discharged it amid general applause, and the tacit acknowledgment of all parties that he was "the coming man." In the next year he was invited to take office as Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; and soon afterwards he enlisted pen as well as tongue in the service of the government, and commenced "The Anti-Jacobin." PITT resigned in 1801, and CANNING with him, and in Opposition he distinguished himself by his brilliant attacks upon the administration, in which all the powers of his invective, envenomed by personal bit-terness, were concentrated. For three years he continued these assaults with unwearied animosity, employing every engine that tongue or pen could work to bring the government into odium. He succeeded, and returned to power with his patron, PITT, in 1804, but, on this occasion, as Treasurer of the Navy. When "the Talents," as they were termed, came in, he again retired to renew against them the same sort of warfare which had proved so effective against the ADDINGTON Ministry. His zeal was rewarded, for on the accession of the Duke of PORTLAND, he was entrusted with the important office of Foreign Secretary. In 1809, his quarrel with Lord CASTLEREAGH and the duel that ensued compelled his retirement. Five dreary years of exclusion from place now awaited him; but once during that period the offer of re-instatement was made to him and refused, because he would not serve under his adversary. Time, however, or necessity, modified these feelings, and in 1814 he did not scruple to accept the embassy to Lisbon, and two years after that the Presidency of the Board of Control, under the very CASTLEREAGH he had before so vilified. But CAN-NING was after all only a brilliant adventurer. He had some conscience nevertheless. The persecution of Queen CAROLINE met with his hearty opposition, and rather than be a party to it he resigned his post in 1820. Two years after his indignation was cooled by the offer of the profitable Governor-Generalship of India. On the death of CASTLEREAGH he resigned that for the Foreign Office, from which he was, in April, 1827, exalted to the most important position in the world, that of Premier of Great Britain. But his triumph was his death-blow; the harass and excitement of an office that exposed him to every species of hostility, public and private, were too great for his delicate nerves. In four months from the attainment of his proud dignity, he was a corpse.

Such is an outline of the career of GEORGE CAN-NING, and we have preferred to present it entire before we make any extracts from the details narrated by Mr. Bell, because such a condensed view of the whole enables the reader more readily to understand the scope and tendency of particular parts. The result is certainly to strip the hero of many of his laurels. Thus viewed, apart from all political and party considerations, and his history shews him to have been a clever, accomplished courtier, skilled in the arts of self-advancement, without a grain of the patriot in his composition. His power came not from the public, but from the private regards of the minister of the day. He neither created opinion nor represented it. His world with the usual fluctuating fortune; being at one time engaged was Downing-street, his master was the premier, and his with Whitelock's company, a travelling corps in Staffordshire

services were rewarded with place. By an accident only, and not until the close of his career, did CANNING come to be connected with a political system. And that was not of his making or fostering. He found it growing in not of his making or fostering. He found it growing in the public favour, and he skilfully availed himself of it for his own purposes. Had he lived, it is probable that he might have taken an independent position. Circumstances had compelled him to be the exponent of opinions then growing into fashion, and destined to speedy ascendancy. The aristocracy had unwisely looked with scorn upon "the new man," raised from among the people to the highest place of power hitherto deemed CANNING would not their own exclusive inheritance. and could not forget or forgive the indignity with which they had treated him. He would have turned naturally to the people, and, armed with their power, he would have resisted those who had sought to trample upon him. He must have become the leader of the Liberals, had not his enemies too surely done their work, and killed him prematurely by the wounds they inflicted upon his proud spirit.

But it must be admitted that CANNING's title to esteem as a patriot must be based rather upon expectation than upon performance-upon what he would have done rather than upon what he did. Judged as he was, save for the extraordinary rise from low birth to the loftiest position of a subject, there is nothing sufficiently remarkable in the man or his doings to claim our admiration or command our respect. He was one of fortune's favourites, and was more indebted to circum-

stances than to himself.

But it is time to permit Mr. Bell to speak for himself, and we commence with his sketch of

CANNING'S MOTHER AS AN ACTRESS.

Mrs. Canning made her first appearance on the stage at
Drury Lane, on the 6th of November, 1773, in the character Her peculiar circumstances excited so much interest, that Garrick, stimulated a little by the expectation of court patronage, resumed the part of Hastings, which he had long before relinquished. The play was repeated on the following evening, and was acted altogether six times, after which Mrs. Canning's name is found only rarely, and at intervals, in the bills of the theatre. Her next appearance was on the 12th of April, 1774, as Perdita, in *Florizel and Perdita* (the *Winter's Tale* reduced to a farce) for the benefit of Gentleman Palmer, as the favourite actor of that name was familiarly called. On the 26th she took her benefit, playing Mrs. Beverley in the Gamester; and on the 28th, she appeared for the first and only time in Octavia, in All for Love. From that time, she dropped into inferior parts, and all the leading characters she had hitherto performed were transferred to other persons. On the 7th of May, Perdita was played by Mrs. Smith, a singer; and on the 27th, when the Gamester was repeated, the character of Mrs. Beverley was acted by Miss Younge. The truth was, that the attraction acted by Miss Younge. The truth was, that the attraction anticipated from her beauty had failed through her inexperience, and Garrick, who never stood on much ceremony in such matters, finding her forsaken by the court, made no scruple in reducing her at once to a lower position in the theatre. But this result might have been anticipated from the first. A mere novice could not have reasonably hoped to contest the honours of popularity in a metropolitan theatrewith such actresses as Mrs. Abingdon and Mrs. Barry. Thus discouraged in London, Mrs. Canning went into the provinces. In 1775, we find her at Bristol, playing Julia in the Rivals with some éclat, under the management of Reddish, of Drury Lane. Her subsequent career cannot be traced with much certainty, in consequence of her marriage with Mr. Reddish, whose name, it seems, was borne by several actresses, with some of whom she has, doubtless, in many instances, been confounded. It is unlikely that she ever returned to the London stage, although she has been conjecturally identified with a Mrs. Reddish, who was severely treated at Drury Lane, in 1776. The greater probability is, that she continued in the country, making the usual tour of the provincial theatres

and the midland counties; at another time making a sensationr with Reddish in Dublin; afterwards failing at Hull unde Tate Wilkinson, and then leading the tragic business under Mr. Bernard, at Plymouth. Mrs. Canning's marriage with Mr. Reddish, into which she suffered herself to be drawn against the advice and remonstrances of her friends, was the source of many bitterer trials than she had yet endured. This Reddish was a person of intemperate habits and bad character, disguised under the most fascinating manners. He acquired some notoriety for acting the villain on the stage, and no less for acting the profligate in real life. He was the son of a tradesman at Frome; made his first appearance at Drury Lane in 1767; and was one of the principal actors there during Mrs. Canning's first season, playing Dumont to her Jane Shore, Beverley in the Gamester, Antony in All for Miss Hart in the theatre, who enjoyed an income derived from a degrading source, and Reddish, tempted by her money, and utterly indifferent as to how it was acquired, wooed and married her in less than ten weeks. Afterwards prevailing upon her to sell her annuity, he dissipated the proceeds, and then abandoned her. But the end of his infamous course was retributive. After passing through a variety of disgraceful escapades, he became diseased in his brain, appeared for the last time, in 1779, as Posthumus, was thrown upon the Fund for support, and lingered out the remnaut of his miserable life as a maniac in the York Asylum, where he died in 1785. During the term of this miserable union, Mrs. Reddish's personal exertions were rendered more than ever imperative by the state of her husband's health, and by fresh claims upon her maternal solicitude. Reddish, prostrated both mentally and physically, was early disabled from the pursuit of his profession; but his death, after many years of suffering, at last released her from the responsibility she had so rashly incurred. She still continued in the provinces, playing at Birmingham, Hull, and other places, but especially at Plymouth, where she was a great favourite with the audience, and where her stage triumphs happily terminated in a conquest of a still more gratifying kind—her marriage with Mr. Hunn, a respectable silk mercer of that town. Mr. Hunn was a constant frequenter of the theatre, and a great lover of plays, with some pretensions to the character of a critic, which he occasionally displayed in the newspapers, to the infinite mortification of the actors. But they had their revenge upon Some time after his marriage, he failed in business; and his wife was once more compelled to resume the profession, Mr. Hunn resolving at the same time to attempt the stage himself. He made his débût at Exeter. The players, however, set the town against him, and, notwithstanding the interference of Mrs. Hunn, who enjoyed much popularity there, his reception was so discouraging, that he wisely relinquished the experiment. He subsequently obtained a mercantile situation, in which he died, leaving his widow with two daughters and a son. Throughout all these vicissitudes, Mrs. Hunn was cheered by constant proofs of the devotion of her son George, who, passing through school and college, and gathering valuable friendships by the way, was never seduced into forgetfulness of her claims upon his duty and affection. He made it a sacred rule to write to her every week, no matter what might be the pressure of private anxiety or public business. His letters were the charm and solace of her life; she cherished them with proud and tender solicitude, and always carried them about her person to shew them exultingly to her friends. In his boyhood, his correspondence treated upon every subject of interest on which his mind was engaged-his studies, his associates, his prospects, his dream of future distinction, nourished in the hope that its realisation might enable him, at last, to place his mother in a position of independence. And when he finally reached the height of that dream, he continued to manifest the same earnest and faithful feelings. gagements of any kind were ever suffered to interrupt his regular weekly letter. At Lisbon, during his embassy, there, although the intercourse with this country was frequently suspended for several weeks together, be still wrote his periodical letter; and it happened on such occasions that the same post came freighted with an arrear of his correspondence. In the midst of the toils of the Foreign Office, harassed by fatigue, and often preyed upon by acute illness, he always found, or made, opportunities for visiting his mo-

ther. He writes to Sir William Knighton, in 1826, like one released for a holiday, "I am just setting off for Bath, with a good conscience, having so cleared off the arrears accruing during parliament time, that I believe I do not owe a dispatch to any part of the world." When Mrs. Hunn was performing at Plymouth, he would sometimes leave his studies at Lincoln's inn to comfort her with his presence; and whenever he came it was a Saturnalia! Shortly before her final settlement at Bath, in 1807, she resided at Winchester, where she had some cousins in an inferior walk of life; and when her son—at that time the centre of popular admiration wherever he movedused to visit her there, it was his delight to walk out in company with these humble friends, and with them to receive his "salutations and greetings in the market-place." One re-cognises a great man in such behaviour. It had always been an object of paramount anxiety with him to take his mother off the stage; and the first use he made of the first opportunity that presented itself was, to carry that object into effect. This occurred in 1801, when, retiring from the office of Under-Secretary of State, he was entitled to a pension of 500l. a year, which, instead of appropriating it to his own use, he requested to have settled as a provision on his mother. * * * * * The closing years of her life were spent in retirement at her house in Henrietta-street, Bath; where she died, after a lingering illness, in her eighty-first year, on the 27th of March, 1827. Her son paid his last visit to her sick room on the 7th of the preceding January, the day after the Duke of York's funeral, where he caught the cold which, acting on a frame shattered by anxiety, laid the foundation of his last fatal illness; and he, who was so attached to her while living, in five months followed her to the grave.

A favourable specimen of Mr. Bell's skill in portrait painting is this of

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Prince of Wales was avowedly at the head of the opposition. He not only possessed the reputation of being the "first gentleman of the age," but was resolved to maintain it, in its princely sense, at least, by the super-royal splendour of his expenditure. It was nothing to the purpose that the people were the munificent sufferers who paid for these luxuries. In 1787 Parliament had discharged his royal highness's debts (nearly 200,0001.) on a full assurance from his royal highness, guaranteed in a royal message by his Majesty, that he would incur no more; but a very few years elapsed before the prince came down to the House again, and denied point-blank that he had ever promised to live within his income, giving at the same time the best possible proof of his determination not to do so, by requesting the Commons to pay off the liabilities he had incurred in the interim, amounting to no less than 600,0001. To do him bare justice, there never was a prince of the blood, who entertained so large a contempt for the integrity of a promise of any sort, or who had so grand a way of overrunning the constable. The festivities of Carlton House were famous all over Europe. The taste displayed at the prince's parties was worthy of their oriental magnificence; for in the midst of the grossest depravities, he managed to surround himself with intellect and social talent of the highest order, and to secure for his table every foreigner of celebrity who visited the country. By such means he sustained his political position, and commu-nicated a tone to society that had an important influence upon those detached masses of floating opinion which, although they never become resolved into a compact body, exercise a species of irregular power over the public mind. The prestige of the prince's name was formidable in the fashionable world. Even his vices were set off with such brilliancy and grace of style as to render them attractive; moral repugnance was fascinated into admiration, and his showy and illusive popularity prospered upon his very delinquencies.
(To be concluded in our next.)

The Modern British Plutarch; or, Lives of Men distin

guished in the recent History of our Country. By W. C. TAYLOR, LL.D. London, 1846. Grant and Griffith.

DR. TAYLOR is well known to the public as the author of several school abridgments. His "Manual of Ancient and Modern History" is certainly not wanting in that test of excellence, an extensive sale, and with a view to the design of

the work, is, upon the whole, a successful production. We do not profess or feel any ardent love for this class of abridgments; but the Manual, if we remember rightly, furnished the student with a full list of authorities, that might be consulted with advantage upon the history of any epoch. This a manual certainly ought to do; and doing this, it is a very useful book. It becomes little more than a very copious index, adapted to the subjects of which it treats. Now, The Modern Plutarch has this amongst its most glaring defects, that it disdains to give a single hint of the sources whence it borrows its treasures, and whence the student might obtain fuller information. The author contents himself with a bare assertion of every fact which appears in his volume. This, to some authors, and even to some readers, is a very convenient course, but it is in the main unsatisfactory.

But we have really no wish to enter upon the consideration of particular blemishes or virtues in this collection of lives. As a biographical work, its proportions are too minute for any rack of criticism to be applied to it. No less than thirty-eight of England's modern worthies, including Pitt, Fox, Burke, Canning, Eldon, Nelson, Wilberrorer, and Wellington are disposed of in something more than three hundred small octavo pages. To discuss the merits of a life of Wilberrore contained in six, or a life of Pitt contained in ten of these, would be far too preposterous. In fact, Dr. Taylor's book, while it cannot aspire to the character of biography, properly so called, wants also that kind of utility which belongs to such pocket volumes as "Maunder's Biographical Treasury." It can satisfy none but those whom no man ought to wish to have for his readers,—those who wish to attach some idea to a particular name, with an utter indifference as to whether that idea be in the utmost degree vague and indefinite or not. We have a great respect for the author as a pains-taking, laborious servant of literature in the scholastic department, but we are sorry that he has published the present book; and we are not the less sorry for it, because of the portentous character of its title. It would be enough to recall the shade of poor Langhorne to the earth, could any comparison between the hero whom he worshipped, and this home-made Plutarch, penetrate the "sepulchre wherein" his remains are "quietly inurned."

SCIENCE.

Homeopathy; its Principle, Theory, and Practice. By M. B. Sampson. London, 1846. Highley. At first view, nothing can appear more absurd, more opposed to all reason, experience, and practice, than homeopathy. That a millionth part of a grain of medicine should operate upon the human frame as powerfully as, or more so than, the usual doses of five or six grains; that the effects should be perceptibly varied by a giving to the mixture half a dozen shakings, more or less, was a startling doctrine, which appeared to have no foundation in any recognized physical law, and the principle and the proof were demanded.

Proofs were given in cases of cures that followed the administration of these infinitesimal doses. But it is impossible to establish the connection between the alleged cause and the alleged effect. The result might be explained by the absence of medicine altogether; and we suspect that many, if not most, of the cures of homeopathy are attributable to nature being left to herself, instead of being thwarted by the drugs of the doctor, the infinitesimal dose being in fact no dose at all.

There is another difficulty which we cannot remove, and which appears to us to be destructive of the system. If such small doses produce such great effects, how comes it that we are not for ever undergoing a course of medicine; for we can scarcely eat any food in which there does not enter particles of the homeopathic medicines at least equal in quantity to one of their pillules?

These objections are, we are aware, theoretical only. The fact can only be determined by experience. It must be admitted that such is our ignorance of physiology, so entirely are we in the dark upon all matters

relating to the functions of life, of the causes, the operations, and consequently of the cure of disease, that we are scarcely entitled to pronounce of any thing in the abstract that it is either true or false, rational or irrational. Inasmuch as we know not in what manner three grains of mercury go to work to produce a change in the animal system, we cannot confidently pronounce how a billionth part of a grain will operate. Experiments, long and carefully pursued, can alone determine this, and to that test must the contending doctors ultimately come. But in the mean while it is something to know that the disciples of the new system of practice have reasons for results, apart from experience; that they do not merely say, "it is so because it is;" but they have an answer to the question, "Wherefore is it so?"

Mr. Sampson, who has undertaken to put in this answer on behalf of the homœopathists, is a gentleman well known in the literary world for some powerful publications on the subject of crime and punishment. He is a hard-headed, right-thinking, sober-minded man, who accepts nothing upon trust, but will have his reason convinced before he believes.

And Mr. Sampson, being such, has become a convert to homeopathy; his account of it, therefore, contains the reasons that have influenced his own mind. Proceeding from so impartial a source they will command, at least, a respectful hearing, and it is the very purpose of The Critic to prejudge no system, no faith, no party, no sect, no man, but to give to all a fair and patient hearing, in the firm conviction that truth is elicited by discussion, and that audi alteram partem is the rule not of honesty only but of wisdom.

Mr. Sampson opens with asserting that medicine acts either in opposition to the symptoms, without relation to the symptoms, or in harmony with the symptoms. The common practice proceeds on the first assumption, the homeopathic on the last.

Is the present practice satisfactory in its results? Certain it is that doctors do disagree most discreditably upon the uses and effects of the medicines they administer. That which one prescribes as a remedy, others denounce as a poison. There is scarcely a medicine that has not its partisans and its opponents; proving that they proceed upon no fixed principles, that they prescribe upon conjecture only, and that even the experience of effects is so contradictory that no certain conclusions can be drawn from them. The deduction from this state of things is that the present practice is, to say the least of it, extremely vague and unsatisfactory, little better, in short, than licensed quackery.

The doctrine of the homoeopathists is founded upon the opposite principle. They say that the purpose of medicine is not to oppose symptoms, but to aid them. That which we call disease is not, in fact, the disease itself, but the symptom only of disease—the effort made and the means adopted by nature to throw off the disease. The business of the doctor is, therefore, gently to aid nature in these her efforts, and not to thwart them by medicines that attack the symptoms.

Even in the progress of the most fatal disease, consumption, the disturbances manifested by the system, from its first stage to its last, may be plainly noted, as the obstinate struggle of the vital power to overcome its insidious adversary. The commencement of consumption is usually traced to some exposure to cold, by which the ordinary exhalations of the cutaneous surfaces have been checked so as to require to be carried off by other organs. When the lungs are weak, owing to accidental circumstances, or defective conformation, they are unable to sustain this increased duty, in so far as it falls upon them, and instead of throwing off their proportion of the accumulated impurities, some of these impurities, it may be conceived, become lodged in the organ and gradually accumulate. The first symptoms of cough and of spitting of blood, usually from the bronchial membrane, seem to denote a violent effort to get

rid of some offending matter-and that the formation of tubercles when this effort has failed, is only another action of nature to prevent the irritation which the continued presence of that matter would otherwise excite, there is strong reason to believe. Experiment indeed has shewn in some instances, that tubercles are formed merely to inclose injurious matter, and to prevent its irritative action; thus Cruveilhier says that, after injecting mercury into the bronchia of a living animal, he found each globule of the metal surrounded by a concrete substance, formed of white granules, in various parts of the lungs. By injecting the mercury into the bronchia, it reached the air-cells; and he afterwards found granules, formed of tubercular sub-stance, around the globules of mercury. Similar experiments were afterwards performed by Dr. Kay, who introduced, by small incisions, a minute globule of quicksilver into the windpipe of each of five rabbits. This produced at first much coughing; and although the animals continued to take their food well, their breathing was hurried and laborious. The first rabbit was killed eight days afterwards, and in this clusters of tubercles were found in the lungs, and in the centre of each tabercle a globule of mercury. The others presented granular bodies, tubercles, and more or less of the appearance of inflammation of the lungs. Hence there is reason to believe, that tubercles are absolutely the means of prolonging life by pre-venting irritation, which would otherwise ensue.

This explains the meaning of the old term of specific. The instances are curious.

It is well known, for instance, that ipecacuhana is a powerful emetic, and that it is frequently used as a remedy for vomiting; that mercury has the power of producing symptoms so nearly resembling those of syphilitic disorder as sometimes to render it difficult to discriminate one from the other, and that for the cure of syphilis, mercury is employed as a specific; that sulphur produces cutaneous irritation, while for cutaneous irritation it is a well-known remedy, and that a like peculiarity in relation to the inherent property of the medicine and the symptoms of the disease for which it is used, is popularly recognised in many other cases. To these may be added a great number of vulgar, or what are called old women's remedies, such as snuff in cases of sneezing—salt, to alleviate thirst, &c. The uses of spices and fruits, such as pepper, nutmegs, carraways, mustard, onions, &c., by the inhabitants of the torrid zone, to remedy the debilitating effects of heat, may also be quoted among this class of illustrations.

It must be admitted that in the system, as thus explained, there is nothing either irrational or absurd; on the contrary, it is founded in good sense, and will receive the assent of most thinking persons. But now we come to that which offers itself to our mind as the difficulty which even Mr. Sampson's ingenuity has not succeeded in removing. In the first place, upon what principle is the theory of infinitesimal doses founded? This is his explanation, but it does not satisfy our scruples; it is vague, and full of assumptions. The reasons are insufficient, and the facts are unproved.

Now it is difficult to conceive the reasons which have induced this opinion. Medicines are given to act upon the various tissues of the human frame, and even the coarsest of these tissues present a delicacy of structure which it is impossible for us more than faintly to appreciate. A little reflection, indeed, will convince us that there must be some portions of our organization, of the fineness of which the human mind would be inadequate to form the slightest conception. It will also appear, that these structures are of far higher importance towards the maintenance of life than the coarser and more outward portions of the frame, and that disease becomes dangerous and severe in proportion to the extent to which they are affected. In the most deep-seated affections, therefore, it is to these tissues that the powers of medicine have to be directed; and when we know that medicinal substances, like all material bodies, are infinitely divisible; that we can never by any process reduce them to atoms so fine but that they might still be infinitely reduced; it seems at once obvious, that if we wish them to reach and to act upon those parts to which I have alluded, and in relation to some of the delicate machinery of which, the finest atom to be attained

from our very highest attenuations would appear coarse and ponderable, we must endeavour to bring them not only into a finer state than that in which they are ordinarily used, but into a state of exiguity far beyond any thing to which we have been accustomed in dealing with coarser structures. It is simply, in fact, proportioning the delicacy of our agents to the delicacy of the instruments upon which they are to operate.

"The man," says M. SAMPSON, "who should assert it to be incredible that a mustard-seed could be made to enter the tube of a thermometer, because he had just tried in vain to insert a bullet, would be equally rational with those who reject the infinitesimal dilutions, on the ground of the impossibility of their producing any ef-Now it is not that we pronounce it impossible, for we should call nothing so in a science of which nought is really known by anybody; but that it is improbable, and contrary to all experience. We know that medicines do act more or less powerfully in proportion to their quantity. Everybody knows that six grains of julap are more active than three; that so many grains of ipecacuhana will not affect him, that so many more will make him qualmish, so many more will make him sick; and we cannot avoid the conclusion that, as the effect increases with quantity, it diminishes with it, and that an infinitesimally small quantity will produce of infinitesimally small effect.

Then there is another difficulty which the homeopathists do not tell us how they conquer. Granted that medicines should aim at encouraging symptoms instead of subduing them, that they should be in harmony with symptoms,—how do they know what medicines are in harmony, and what are not? Looking over the list, we cannot find any thing that indicates a fixed principle of selection, as if they had been chosen with reference to some of their ascertained properties. We suspect the classification to be purely arbitrary, and that, while the principle is true, homeopathy has succeeded in curing by giving full play to it; that is, by really doing nothing,—leaving nature to herself, who cures by her own processes, and not by their

doses

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Algeria and Tunis. By Captain J. C. KENNEDY.

OUR next extract will be a long one, but the great novelty and interest of the scene described will make apology needless.

THE SCORPION EATERS.

While drinking our coffee, we observed a boy who, leaning with folded arms upon a stick, watched every motion that we made. The boy's countenance was disgustingly repulsive, and the vacant yet cunning expression of his features, more those of a brute than of a human being, as well as the form of his misshapen head, stamped him as an idiot from his birth. A tattered bernous hung loosely on his shoulders, and, cold and wet as the evening was, he stood staring in at the entrance of the tent, while the other Arabs, whom curiosity had at first attracted, gathered round the fire a few yards distant. Knowing that the Arabs regard as saints, madmen, and those whose intellects are affected, I paid no more attention to him, and left the tent for a few minutes. When I returned, the boy was still there, fixed in the same attitude; and I was told that he had just made a display of his sanctity, by holding in his naked hand a live scorpion, and then eating it, without suffering in the least from its poisonous sting. As he was standin close to the tent, there could be no doubt but that he per As he was standing formed the disgusting feat of devouring the reptile, but I was rather incredulous as to the fact of the sting not having been We were discussing this point, when, guessing that he was the object of our conversation, he went away, and returned almost immediately with another scorpion in his hand. Taking a piece of stick, I examined it most closely in his uncovered hand, and perfectly satisfied myself that it had

not been deprived of its sting, or injured in any way. The scorpion was of a tolerable size—upwards of two inches longscorpion was of a tolerable size—upwards of two incnes iong—quite lively, and able to inflict a very painful wound, the effects of which would be apparent almost instantly, and last for a considerable time. Standing over the boy, I watched him narrowly, to see that he did not pinch off the tail of the reptile, or play any trick; but, half raising his hand to his head, he put his mouth to his open palm, and I saw distinctly the scorpion writhing between his teeth as he took it up, and heard the crunching of its shelly covering, as he deliberately chewed, and then swallowed it. Neither his hands nor his mouth suffered in the slightest degree, and after a short interval he produced and are another in the same way, which I also examined. The boy, since the early period when the infirmity of his mind became apparent, had been brought up a member of the religious sect of the Aïsaoua, who claim the privilege, by the special gift of God to their founder, of being proof against the venom of reptiles and the effects of fire. The present chief of the sect resides near Medeah, and his disciples are to be found scattered over the whole of Northern Africa; they are held in a certain degree of reverence, but do not possess much influence. Captain Martenot gave us these details, and referred me, for further information on the subject, to the following account of a grand festival of the Aïsaoua, written by an officer, who was an eye-witness of the scenes he so graphically describes :- In the court of a small Moorish house in the Rue de l'Empereur, Algiers, about sixty Arabs and Moors were assembled. Four standards—one red and yellow, and the other three red and green—were suspended from the columns of the court, over the heads of the chiefs of the sect. These were the standards of the Marabout, Mohammed-ben-Aïssa. In the middle, a long wax taper, placed in an old black chandelier, alone afforded light to the assembly, and cast its uncertain, glimmering rays into the gloomy corners of the building. The upper gallery was filled with women, covered with their white veils, leaving visible only their black eyes, and their eyebrows stained with henna. Bou-Chama, by whose invitation I attended the festival, remained by my side, and explained the origin of the religious sect to which he belonged in nearly the following terms:—Four or five hundred years ago a celebrated Marabout lived in the province of His name was Mohammed-ben-Aïssa, and having oran. His name was attendament of disciples, succeeded in gathering together a certain number of disciples, he wandered with them over the face of the land, sometimes in the Tell, and at other times plunging into the wilds of the Sahara. One day, during his wanderings, he lost his way in the desert. The provisions were exhausted, and his faithful followers, sinking from weakness, were on the point of perishing with hunger, when Ben-Aïssa, stretching his hand towards heaven, implored the mercy of the God of Mohammed. "Lord," cried he, "thou alone art able to save us. Take pity upon us, and cause whatsoever we may touch to change for us into wholesome food." At these words, seized with sudden inspiration, his disciples gathered stones, serpents, scorpions, &c. satisfied their hunger, and suffered no harm. "We," continued Bou-Chama, "followers of this illustrious Marabout, have inherited the same privilege; and it is in commemoration of this miracle, and to perpetuate it, that we have now assembled together. By our prayers we obtain the cure of the sick, and draw down the mercies of heaven upon our newly-born children." After these words Bou-Chama left me and joined his brethren; the rites were commencing. The prescribed ablutions having been performed, the Aïsaoua, standing in meditative postures, recited eight times the Mussulman profession of faith—"I bear witness that there is none other god than God, and that Mohammed is his prophet." voices there was something grave and solemn, which was most impressive. The Mokaddam, or chief of the sect, then chanted a prayer for all Mussulmen, and called down upon them the nedictions of the prophet. At the end of each prayer the Mokaddam stopped, and the Aïsaoua, lifting up their voices in turn, asked health for one, or the blessing of maternity for another; and the chorus then taking it up, addressed a prayer to God, in accordance with the favour demanded. Incense was every now and then thrown on a brazier of live coals, and the chorus repeated in a loud voice, "Es-salah! Es-salah!" They then all seated themselves in a circle, leaving a vacant borrid cries of an enraged camel. At this moment the women, space in the centre of the court. The Mokaddam and his placed in the upper gallery, raised their dismal cry of "lu-lu, chief assistants took their places opposite to me, and at their lu-lu, lu-lu!" This frightful scene was only the prelude to

side a dozen Aïsaoua arranged themselves, each armed with an enormous tambourine, which they beat in cadence, while the chorus vociferated a song in honour of Ben-Aïssa. There was chorus vociferated a song in honour of Ben-Aïssa. in these songs an undefinable spirit of frantic rage, which produced in me a certain impression of terror. I saw some of these fanatics roll enormous serpents in the hollow of their tambourines, while livid adders reared their hideous heads from the hoods of their bernous, and, dropping to the floor, In spite of the glided over the marble as cold as themselves. horror which I felt at this sight, curiosity got the better of my disgust, and I remained. I must confess, however, that my heart beat violently; the dim obscurity, the infernal music, the women, shrouded in their white veils, appearing like phantoms risen from the grave, all prepared my imagination for the horrid spectacle of a festival of the Aïsaoua. At the sound of this barbarous music, one of the party rushed into the circle with a frightful cry and extended arms, as if possessed by the evil one. He made the round several times, roaring hoarsely and savagely, then, as if compelled by a supernatural power, he began to dance to the sound of the tambourines and drums. He was then clothed in a white bernous, and his "shasheah" (red woollen cap) being taken off, the long hair left on the top of an Arab's head fell over his shoul-He then commenced his "zeekr." The zeekr is a species of religious dance, which consists in jerking the head from right to left, so that it touches the shoulders alternately. The whole body of the Aïsaoua was in motion, his eyes soon became red and bloodshot, and the veins of his neck blue and distended; nevertheless he continued his terrific dance. On a sudden two others rose up, and, with savage joined the first. The three, excited by each oth redoubled their stampings and the motion of their heads, working themselves up into a state of frenzy impossible to describe. Now calling for red hot iron, small shovels, the broad part the size of the hand, with long iron handles, were given to them. Seizing each one, these enthusiasts, placing one knee on the ground, applied their hands, and even tongues, to the red hot metal. One of them, more madly excited than his companions, placed the brightest portion of the instrument between his teeth, and held it in that position for upwards of thirty seconds. Let not the reader think that I exaggerate; I witnessed all that I relate; and, in order to impress the scene stronger upon my memory, the performer of this last act placed himself directly opposite to me with a lighted taper in his hand. It is impossible for me to give a reason for what I saw, but I cannot disbelieve it; I smelt the stench of the burnt flesh, and when I afterwards touched their hands and feet, I found only a fresh and uninjured skin. The sight of one old man, nearly sixty-five years of age, gave me great pain; he grasped the red hot iron, and placing it on his leg, allowed it to remain there until a whitish smoke arose, which filled the whole house with its poisonous odour. These dances lasted, in this manner, for the space of an hour. Notwithstanding the noise produced by the songs and the tambourines, the painful rattle in the throats of these mad fanatics could be distinguished amidst the din; at last, exhausted by fatigue, they fell backwards, one after the other, and lay senseless motionless on the ground; the songs ceased, and nothing broke the solemn silence but the sound of their heavy breathings. A man, whose task it was to attend the half-dead wretches, now advanced, and placing his foot successively on the pit of their stomachs, pressed their sides strongly, kneaded their limbs, and caused them to revive. dance recommenced; four fresh Aïsaoua rushed into the circle, and were soon in the same state of frenzy as their predecessors, striking their heads with the red hot shovels, and stamping upon them with their naked feet. in their delirium, imagining that they were transformed into camels and lions, they uttered the cries of the animals they represented, and feigned a combat between them; their mouths foamed and their eyes sparkled with rage. now presented to them a leaf of cactus, of which the thorns, ch in length and sharp as a needle, made me tremble. At this sight the combat ceased; the Aisaoua threw themselves upon the cactus, they tore and ground it between their teeth, making the air resound with a hoarse noise resembling the

all the horrors I was about to witness. Towards eleven o'clock the songs ceased, and coffee and couscousoo were brought in, of which I found it impossible to partake. The repast over, they recited a prayer, before recommencing their dance; and on the musicians beginning to strike their enormous tambourines, seven or eight of the disciples rose, howling dreadfully, and dressed in white, like their predecessors, began to perform the zeekr. My acquaintance, Bou-Chama, was of this party; and taking a bundle of small wax tapers, he placed first his hand, and then his arm, face, and neck, in the flames. His features, when thus lit up, as they appeared from one moment to snother through the varying flames, had quite a demoniacal appearance. In the mean time, a negro had amused himself by placing live coals in his mouth, which, as he breathed, burned brightly, and sent forth a thousand sparks. having been there, it is impossible to realise the terrific sight I had before my eyes. Opposite me, within two paces, was the negro, whose glowing mouth displayed itself in a black and hideous face; his head, with its single lock of crisp woolly hair, vibrating rapidly from side to side; and around me the hellish music, the convulsive stampings, and the frightful cries of the dancers. The negrowas now in a state of furious excitement. Swallowing the still burning contents of his mouth, he seized a large scorpion, full of life and venom; placing it on his arm, he irritated the reptile in every possible manner, pinching it, putting it near the taper, and burning one of its claws. The enraged animal darted his sting into the offered hand; the negro smiled, and, raising the scorpion to his mouth, heard it crack between his teeth; and, as he swallowed it, I turned my head aside in horror. The reader, perhaps, supposes that the scorpion was deprived of his sting; but I had ocular demonstration to the contrary; nay, more, I might have brought one from the Boudjareeah myself, and given it with my own hand, as many have done who have been admitted to these "Hadrah." A yatagan was now brought, the mitted to these "Hadrah." A yatagan was now brought, the point wrapped in a handkerchief, and two men held it horizontally about three feet from the ground. On seeing this, a man rose from his seat and commenced his zeekr; then, uncovering his breast, he sprang with all his weight on the naked blade : it seemed as if his body would have been cut in two by such a blow. He remained, however, with his bare breast on the sharp edge of the sabre, balancing himself with his feet, in an horizontal position, and tranquilly continuing his zeekr. Meanwhile the four other Aïsaoua continued their furious dance, beating their heads with the iron shovels brought to a red heat. To these, three others soon joined themselves, grasping in each hand a living adder, with which they struck their bodies. As they danced, the serpents wound themselves about their limbs, hissing horribly. Then seizing them, some placed them in their mouths, so as only to permit the head of the reptile to escape: one even forced the adder to bite his tongue, and leaving it thus suspended, continued his dance. Others squeezed them between their teeth, to increase their rage; and the irritated reptiles, in their desperate struggles to escape, twined around their necks, and hissing, reared themselves above the heads of their tormentors. Excited by the spectacle before their eyes, and by the increasing noise of the music, the Aïsaoua rose in a body and rushed to take a part in the dance. Then commenced a scene which words cannot describe. Twenty Aïsaoua, clothed in white bernous, with dishevelled hair and haggard eyes, mad with excitement and fanaticism, bathed in sweat, and grasping serpents in their hands, stamping, dancing, and convulsively shaking their heads, each starting vein swollen and distended with blood. The women, like phantoms, assisting in this scene, lit only by a pale and solitary taper, uttered in a piercing tone their shrill cries of lu-lu lu-lu lu-lu. This, mixed with strange songs, hoarse sounds, and the hollow rattle in the throat of each Aïsaoua, as he fell exhausted and senseless, formed altogether a scene so totally repulsive to human nature, that it seemed, in truth, a feast of hell. Such dreadful exertions, could not, however, last long: by degrees the number of dancers diminished, as one after another they sank under the fatigue, and their panting bodies strewed the marble pavement of the court. The feast of the Aïsaoua was

This is a hideous, but graphic, picture of a society destined, we hope, speedily to give place to the influences

of Christianity and of European civilization. Let us change the scene for that which yields the elements of civilization.

THE COPPER MINES OF MOUZAIA.

The present mines were discovered by the engineer officers, who, when surveying the country, found numerous fragments of ore in the beds of the mountain torrents, which led to further search, and thus to the discovery of the veins now working, as well as of the deserted galleries of the ancient mine. Specimens were sent to France to be analyzed; the ore was found to be rich, and a company was formed, who commenced their operations a year ago; but, owing to the difficulty of procuring labour, and the impediments incidental to a novel enterprise in this country, it is only for the last three months that the works have been properly carried on. twenty-two in number, are driven into the side of a ravine, with a south-westerly exposure. As yet none of them have attained any great length, the longest being only 125 feet; and, being driven horizontally into the mountain, but little labour is requisite to extract the ore, which lies in a matrix of argil, the general direction of the veins being east and west. The ore is broken with hammers into small pieces, and sorted according to quality, all fragments containing a large proportion of earthy matter being rejected, as not of sufficient value to pay the expense of transport and smelting. The picked ore is then carried by mules and asses to Bleedah, from thence to Algiers, where it is shipped to France to be smelted. The ore per cent. of copper, and the average yield of the ore imported into France is about 20 per cent. A hundred and sixty men are employed, a large proportion of whom are soldiers, permitted by the authorities to labour in the mines, and who receive their extra pay from the company. Having visited these works, the superintendent now rode with me to the ancient mine, rather more than a mile distant, and on the other side of a steep ravine, that separated two spurs of the mountain. It is held by the same company, who have purchased from the tribes the exclusive right to all the minerals in an extensive district, for a small sum, and have also had the purchase confirmed to them by the French Government. A small colony of forty Germans now carry on the works, but hitherto the produce has not been equal to that of the other mines. The account current throughout the country is, that it was worked by the Spaniards or English; and, as a proof, they shew a rude cross of a large size, hewn in the rock, near a spring in the neighbourhood, and two smaller ones cut in the mine itself. It is therefore probable that the miners were Christian slaves; which is further borne out by the appearance of the works, and the traces of blasting. The borings are remarkable for their size, being three inches nine-tenths in diameter. The southern slope of the mountain seems to be one immense mass of minerals; antimony is abundantly disseminated with the copper; lead has been found in small quantities, and traces of silver discovered; but the ore that exists in the greatest abundance is iron, which, from the absence of coal, is useless; neither is there in this part of the Atlas sufficient wood to supply charcoal for a furnace at a reasonable cost.

We have already presented the captain's lively sketch of the Little Desert. Take now that of

THE GREAT DESERT.

The Great Desert is at times subject to sudden inundations, which are very destructive in a country so flat and so extensive, that an army might be destroyed by them. A few days before the French expeditionary column arrived at Laghouat, several Arab douars had been swept away in this manner. Throughout the desert the sand is of the same nature—resembling a reddish yellow sandstone reduced to powder. The beds of sand commence near Taguine; they become larger at the Ksars, Djebel Sahary, and Djebel Ammour, and beyond they are still more extensive. On elevated places, or on the face of steep acclivities, there is little sand; but in the low grounds, in the ravines, in the beds of rivers, and against obstacles that have a southerly exposure, it accumulates rapidly. Near Laghouat some precipitous mountains are situated, against whose southern sides are piled immense sand-banks, whilst on the others there are none. These sands are most probably not he debris of the soil in the immediate neighbourhood, but

have been gradually deposited here by the sand-laden winds of ages. This reddish, yellow sand, which covers the whole country, imparts its own peculiar tint to the landscape, and even to the sky, near the horizon, when it is blowing hard from the interior. It penetrates everywhere, and is the cause of many diseases of the eye; but the most serious consequences ensue from its collecting in the hollows and in the beds of rivers, where, not only what is blown into them remains, but much of what lay on the higher ground during the summer is carried by the winter's rain into the water-courses. The streams continue to flow as long as they are able to carry away the sand, which they can only do where the river runs over a hard rocky bed, with but a thin covering of loose soil; for when the stream arrives at a deep mass of sand, which it has assisted to form, it disappears. Then if, when lower down, the bed of the river rises nearer the surface, by reason of the layer of sand becoming thinner, the river re-appears. the springs of Aoueta and of Assafia do not pass the limits of the gardens, at those places, more than 150 yards, when they lose themselves in the sand. The Oued Mzi, above Tejmout, is a beautiful stream, with a copious supply of good water, which spreads itself over an extensive bed of sand; after flowing a short distance, the river disappears, returns to the surface at Recheg, vanishes again to re-appear above Laghouat, and then finally disappears for ever. On this account, at Ksir and Aïrane water is only to be procured from wells dug to the depth of twelve or fourteen feet. The course of the river underground is marked at times by the fall of the water during the inundations, and by the dampness of the soil, which gives birth to trees and herbs. The quicksands of the Oued Mzi are very dangerous; horsemen, who, through ignorance of the localities, attempt to cross at any but the safe spot, being frequently swallowed up.

The travellers returned to Algiers, where they spent some time in making familiar acquaintance with its peculiarities. A clever street view is this of

THE SHOPS IN ALGIERS.

One day was occupied in making the round of the Moorish bazaars and shops, which are generally of the meanest description, both inside and out. A few trifling articles of gold and silver embroidery from Morocco, a dozen or two of ornamented pipe-sticks, with otto of rose and jasmin, red caps and inferior silk scarfs from Tunis, form the sum-total of the ornamental wares of the native shopkeepers. Some of the more wealthy are, however, beginning to imitate their Christain rivals, and have fitted up their shops in a transition style, between French and Algerine, with their most tempting articles exposed in the windows, and the shopman, instead of apathetically smoking his pipe seated cross-legged on the counter, stands behind it, and shuffles slip-shod about, recommending his wares to a stranger's notice with as much pertina-city as the smartest shopmen of London or Paris. In the little back streets and narrow lanes forming the upper part of the city, the shops frequented by the lower orders are merely square boxes inserted in the wall, with the side towards the street wanting. As a specimen, I will take one half way up the street leading to the Kasbah, where the united callings of a cook-shop keeper and dealer in provisions, were carried on. It was a small dark room-perhaps nine feet in width and twelve deep-cut out of the ground floor of a dilapidated house, and rendered still darker by a shed that sheltered the open front, intercepting the greater portion of the light and air that descended into the street, through the narrow space left between the projecting stories of the houses nearly meeting overhead. A low counter occupied two-thirds of the shop, upon which was seated an old man with a straggling beard and unwashed face—a number of folds of dirty rags, that may once have been white, formed his turban, and the upper portion of his clothing consisted of a haick, which harmonized with the colour of his head-dress. Around him, and within reach of his hand, were a number of baskets containing vegetables, dried pease, beans, garlic, couscousoo, and other edibles; and before him, over a charcoal fire, was a shallow iron pan, half full of rancid oil, that sparkled and bubbled as he turned the thin cakes of flour and water, frying for a thick-lipped negro, who, clad in a gaudy cotton jacket of a splendid furniture pattern, was leaning lazily against the opposite wall, watching the operation. Placed on shelves that ran round the shop were large

earthern jars of oil and preserved olives; each hole and corner was the receptacle for the undisturbed debris of generations of dirty predecessors, and the air was laden with the mingled odours of bad oil and decaying vegetables. This description will answer for almost any shop of the lower class, the only alterations requisite being to replace the provisions with the articles suited to another trade, and to change the odour of the cook-shop for any other detestable smell that may be appropriate; the portrait of the dirty old shopkeeper need not be altered, as he will answer for any trade.

From Algiers they proceeded to Bôna, by a steamer, whose accommodations are represented as very indifferent. Thence they went to Bougia, formerly a place of considerable traffic, especially in bees' wax, and it is from this that the French name for candle, "bougie," took its origin. Here they entered the country of the Kabiles, whose ferocity and resolution have so long defied the power of France. This race are the Swiss of Africa, and they have a natural love of fighting.

The instant a Kabile learns that war has broken out, or that danger threatens, he throws up his situation, however lucrative it may be, allows no consideration of self-interest to interfere with what he looks upon as his imperative duty, and, regardless of distance, sets forth to aid his tribe. An instance of this, with reference to the proposed expedition against the Kabiles, which was now openly talked of, occurred in Bôna, a day or two before we arrived. A labourer, who had been for some time in the employment of a French officer who paid him liberally, came to his master and gave him notice that on a certain day he must leave his service. The officer asked his reasons for wishing to go away: was he dissatisfied with his wages? with his treatment? or was the work too severe? to all of which he answered that he was perfectly satisfied, but it was quite impossible he could remain, as the French were going to attack his country, and he must join his tribe to assist in repelling the invaders, but that, when the fighting was over, if he were not killed, he would return to Bôna, and resume his work.

Should leisure permit, we may yet again return to these agreeable volumes.

FICTION.

The Bushranger of Van Dieman's Land. By CHARLES ROWCROFT, Esq. author of "Tales of the Colonies," &c. In three vols. London, 1846. Smith and Elder. Mr. Rowcroft's "Tales of the Colonies" was a curious, an interesting, and an able production, and its success was equal to its merits. Three or four editions attest the public appreciation of the spirit and power with which he depicted scenes unfamiliar to them, and a

state of society which has not its like in any other spot upon the earth's surface.

But the genius that appeared to preside over the composition of these tales seems to have forsaken the author, as if its fire had been exhausted by the first effort. Whether Mr. Rowcroff has fallen into the fatal error of writing too much or too hastily, or success has made him careless, we will not venture to determine, but certain it is that neither of his subsequent works has approached his first in excellence. Nay, instead of improving with time and experience, practice produces upon him the reverse effect, and this last effort is inferior to either of its predecessors.

Its design is, as its name implies, to exhibit in the form of a fiction the most striking features in the life of a bushranger in Van Dieman's Land. For this purpose he has selected one Mr. Silliman for his hero—a character borrowed from the stage of the Adelphi—an exported, not transported, Cockney, who carries into the bush the airs, and thoughts, and language of the City, and plays the fool for the amusement of the audience. The other characters are equally of the true melo-dramatic cast—an amiable nobody, created to be persecuted,

a deep designing villain,—with "natives," "convicts," ad "mob," ad libitum. The hero, Mark Brandon, and "mob, must have been written for O. SMITH, although Mr. ROWCROFT takes care to assure us that there is a moral aim in the narrative of his adventures, namely, to destroy "a dangerous notion, prevalent among those especially where a misconception of the truth is most mischievous, that a transportation to the penal colonies is not, as the law intends, a punishment." We hope his readers will profit by the lesson he teaches, and take care to keep their hands from picking and stealing, seeing what an unpleasant thing is transportation, as depicted by Mr. ROWCROFT.

The Step-Mother. By G. P. R. James, Esq. In 3 vols. London, 1846. Smith, Elder, and Co.

More than once have we expressed our regret that Mr. James should write so much and so fast. A book cannot be improvised like a speech. Condensation of thought and expression is an essential quality of good writing, and condensation is a work of labour and time. We fear it is to Mr. JAMES'S habit of composition without the mechanical process of the pen (for he dictates to an amanuensis) that we must look for the cause of the amazing multiplication of his novels, and the consequent decline of the popularity they once enjoyed.

But while we admit and lament this as a mistake on the part of Mr. JAMES, which he may rectify at any moment, we must protest against the injustice of the attack last week made upon him by the Athenæum, which, not content with magnifying his faults, denied to him any merits. According to our contemporary, Mr. JAMES is a mere literary quack, a dealer in wares which he has puffed into an undeserved popularity; nay, worse, a sort of impostor, who gets "three volumes out of small materials, and then three more by turning them." Further, it is asserted, "Mr. JAMES will find out that something is beyond description, and therefore cannot be described; and having taken a somewhat unfair advantage of the reader by winning his ear to the explanation of this impossibility, he then proceeds to describe

Now we have so much confidence in the judgment of our countrymen, that we are quite sure, however they may sometimes neglect unrecommended merit, they never lavish their favour upon books utterly without merit. There is always something substantially goodsome substratum of truth-something obviously in accordance with nature, going home to the experience or the heart, which has recommended a successful book to public favour, and been accepted as a set-off against very grievous faults. Superficial or malignant critics, looking only at the faults, have thence exclaimed against what they are pleased to term "the ignorance and bad taste of the world." But the larger and sounder judgment looks for the excellences that lurk under the surface, and while it protests against the one-sidedness of the complaint, it rebukes the extravagance of friendly adulation.

The critic of the Athenœum has assailed Mr. JAMES in a review so unfair as to produce a suspicion that it was dictated, not so much by a sense of public duty as by a spirit of personal hostility. His many merits are altogether overlooked; his faults are dwelt upon with an elaboration of analysis that shews what pleasure the operator was taking in his task. Manifestly there is a motive for this of which the world is ignorant, but which it ought to know.

The Step-Mother is certainly not one of Mr. JAMES'S happiest productions. It illustrates the remark with which we commenced, that he is writing too fast and too much. The plot is not sufficiently artistic, the characters are undefined, and the descriptions are minute almost to

better than any living novelist. His "Richelieu" and "Philip Augustus," and "The Gipsey," attest this. These are works which Scott would not have blushed to own. They will survive their author, and we regret that he should be tempted by the fame and its substantial advantages they brought to him, to produce romances extempora-neously, to the ruin of his past reputation, when, by due care and labour, condensing and correcting, blotting and revising, he might give to the world better things than ever yet he has written, and such as "it would not willingly let die."

The best answer Mr. JAMES could give to the attack of the Athenaum would be the composition of such a work. He can do it, if he will.

Temper and Temperament; or, Varieties of Character. By the Author of "The Women of England," &c. Parts I. to V. Fisher and Co.

A DIDACTIC work of fiction by Mrs. ELLIS, appearing in parts neatly printed, and embellished with engravings. The design is to present a series of stories illustrative of temper and temperament, written with direct reference to the particular modes of discipline required by particular tendencies of character. "The Managing Wife" is the title of the tale in the parts be-The composition, like all of Mrs. Ellis's works, is remarkable for simplicity of language and richness of thought, and plain good sense pervades all her teachings.

POETRY.

The Twenty-first of October; or, the Heroes of the Day : a Poem. London: Longman and Co.

SHOULD poetry be an abstract thing, with a life apart from the external life of society ?-or should it be identified with it? Should poetry be the agent of education,—the inculcator of morals,—the teacher of magnanimous actions? It should be all these, and it is so. But it cannot be so without at times asserting its right and its authority to crush abuses. By striking down a vice, it raises up a virtue. By assailing an evil custom, it gives life to a pure custom; and while its aim is rather to elevate than to assail, yet it must of necessity assail in order to elevate. Poetry can never lose its spirituality, though it mingle with the most unspiritual things in the endeayour to find topics on which to lavish its ennobling voice. The better part of poetry remains uncontaminated, though it search for subjects amid the filth, and wretchedness, and vice of humanity. Whether it treads among the degradation of hovels, or moves among the magnificence of palaces, its innermost purity remains as uninjured by the former, as it certainly is unaugmented by the latter.

We have written thus much to shew that a poet may take upon himself the office of the politician or the censor, but he must add to these offices more generosity than either the politician or the censor possesses. The author of the poem before us has detected a heavy calamity and sin in the railway mania. There is some cause for our author's lamentations. Mammon is triumphant on railway lines. The sound of his trumpet is the screech of the steam-engine. Never before had the old king so many votaries in his train; diversified from the humble shoeblack to the skirts of aristocracy. Never before has iron rail had such magnetic power as to draw millions after it. Connected with this is an accumulation of evils, many of which are mercantile, and therefore beyond our jurisdiction in a review of poetry. Some of these evils are social, and these are within our province; and very much tempted are we to exhibit them in our journal; but our author has anticipated our intentions, and taken the

Our author justly laments the inroads made on man's tediousness. We regret this, for Mr. James can write noble nature by the railway mania. He seems to us what JOHNSON called "a good hater;" and he hates vigorously those who sit in continual council with Mammon.

Slaves to the dross of earth! Poor souls of straw,
To whom each blast from Mammon's mouth gives law!
Go on your way, and stain the name of man
With baseness foreign to th' Almighty plan!
Go, take your idol, from whatever town,
Or great or small, beneath Victoria's crown;
Pour forth your incense thick, and wave it high—
Call him illustrious—lift him to the sky;
What though his life should end as it begun,
Though his wealth pass, like all beneath the sun?
Yet your servility on Time's broad river
Shall float, I'll warrant ye, and perish never.

Our author is a disciple of COWPER. While he grieves over follies, he works. His is an active grief, and turning his pen into a reaping-hook, he chops off what the world held redeemable in a score or so of worldly characters, and he shews them up as deformed in mind as Victor Hugo's "Hunchback" was in body. We said our author was a disciple of Cowper—but he is totally deficient in Cowper's refinement. He rarely selects sleek and gentle words, like a fastidious lady, but he roars out lustily, and perhaps we should add, vulgarly, the language which is uppermost in his mind. He is an indifferent mincer, but an excellent declaimer. He never speaks in parables; he never chastises with a flippant and cutting rod, but he strikes with a flail. Our author, when he took upon himself the office of censor, was deficient in that generosity which we have before remarked as an essential attribute of the poet. But occasionally a bit of caustic humour creeps in among stern denouncements, and our lip half curls itself into an approval. Here is a description of a railway shareholder:—

Ho! flourish trumpets! Hither comes the man Whose splendour makes the others pale and wan: 'Tis the Squire Grampus! O'er the sea, they say, He first got wealth—though none can tell the way. But a strange mystery, it must be confess'd, Ever enshrouds the Indies, East and West; Nor deem we harshly if his fortune's dawn Be curtained in a cloud, as yet undrawn; Nor shall we, with a soul that truly feels, Let Scandal drag us at her chariot wheels. Poor Grampus, travelling on Peruvian ground, The Incas' long-lost treasures may have found; Or drawn his gold up, where so much was hid By that for ever-grasping King, Giamshid; Or from the clouds it may have come down pouring, Though neither you nor I e'er saw it showering! Enough, he came home rich; and better far Than aught beneath the Morn, or Western star; To him far better than Peruvian mine, Or all the gems of Giamschid's gloomy shrine; The dust of English railways, stone and sand, Grew precious metal in his cunning hand. Seem'd as if some black spell were found at last For this bluff hero's benefit!—so fast His thousands, all in darkness and in din, Like waves upon the midnight beach, roll'd in; Till swelled his coffers with such ample store That Lydia's king could scarce have sigh'd for more. But this bold schemer—all insatiate, he Spread wide and wider—like some Banyan tree, That throws a hundred boughs into the air, Ere long to seek the ground and root them there—So wide he spread his arms, as if to clutch One half of Albion's isle were scarce too much. Prodigious Grampus! On th' Altantic ocean The fish ne'er tumbled with a clumsier motion Than now the man, in sunny fortunes gay, Flounder'd and bounced on his ambitious way; Heavy and gross, yet with a brutish scent That ever found him garbage as he went. Now for an hour he'd seem to lie supine, After a gorge (perhaps of half a Line)—Flush'd with success—like a steam-engine blowing, His sanguine face like burnish'd copper glowing; Then, starting, snorting, with redoubled life, Plunged he anew in violence and stri

And so, kind souls! they bleed him—as I guess, Much for his good—and for their own no less.

We conclude this notice with another extract which shews the poetic power of the writer in the best light in which it can be viewed:—

Another victim! Florio stands alone,
And listens to the river's rushing tone;
Like a voice wailing for the past it seems,
The death-knell of a thousand fluttering dreams;
For, by the mania seized, in reckless play,
All that he had on earth hath past away.
Now, friendless, in a world unkind and cold;
And, worse, where many a busy tongue grows bold
Against the fallen; where the very tear
That pity sheds, seems mingled with a sneer;
Now, conscious of his madness, all too late,
Stands Florio on the threshold of his fate,
Torn by contending thoughts, and sick at heart.
Shall he return, and brave the scornful mart?
They who bent low, and flatter'd him before,
Now, in his misery, know his face no more;
Or, if they know, 'tis to remind him yet
Of some high promise he would fain forget.
Or shall he seek his home? Three sisters there
Reft of their all—no! this he cannot bear.
Shall he to lands beyond the sea? 'Twere well—
But he must beg—for he hath nought to sell;
For all did he resign, at Duty's call;
And, sooth to say, but little was that all.
O hapless Florio! like that swollen river,
His thoughts are rushing on, more turbid ever—
And is there none to guide him or to save?
'' None!'' he exclaims, and eyes the gloomy wave.
He listens to its moaning sound, and feels
Strange cchoes at his heart—his reason reels.
Ever that moaning sound, with deeper weight,
Comes like a summons to another state.
But with my theme why linger? Long ere morn
By that same river Florio's corse was borne
Down to the town—e'en to the haunts of trade:
And so it chanced that in the Mart was laid.
There, like a sacrifice in life's bright May,
On the red shrine of this World's God it lay.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

THE Archæological Journal for March is exceedingly rich in illustrations and interesting in its information. The first article is an elaborate disproof of the pretended marriage of WILLIAM DE WARREN, Earl of Surrey, with a daughter of MATILDIS, daughter of BALDWIN, Count of Flanders, by WILLIAM the Conqueror. This is followed by an essay from the pen of Mr. SAMUEL BIRCH, on the Torc of the Celts, illustrated with a great number of engravings. "The Cromlechs extant in the Isle of Anglesey," are the next subject of research, and this, too, is rendered very interesting and intelligible to the unlearned by many excellent woodcuts. "The Crannoges of Ireland" are then reviewed, and, for the enlightenment of the reader, we should explain that this is the name given to certain fortified islands in which the early Irish chieftains were wont to ensconce themselves. "The Ecclesiastical Antiquities of the Isle of Man" are examined, and some valuable drawings of their most striking features presented. The Remains of the Work of William of Wykham, at Windsor, and an account of some Medieval Pottery, conclude the essays. These are followed by a collection of original documents, a large mass of Archæological intelligence, and reviews of new books, forming together a record of valuable and interesting information such as the periodical press has never before produced.

The Church of England Quarterly Review for April is less various in its attractions than usual. It limits itself more strictly than has been its wont to theology and politics, and makes no excursions into the empire of literature and science. In its special department we find articles upon "Newman's Development;" "On Creeds," on "The Churches of the Wilderness;" on "Dr. Pusey

and the Confessional;" on "D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation;" on "The Fulfilment of Prophecy;" and on "Dr. Jeune's Mariolatry of Rome;" and there are two political papers, one on "The Anti-Corn Law League and the Labouring Classes," and the other on "The Peel Crisis, Parties and Politics." Besides these formal essays, there are numerous shorter notices of new books. None of the subjects treated of fall properly within our province, therefore we close this review, heartily recommending it to the notice of members of the Church of England, to whom it is specially addressed.

The Dublin University Magazine for April appears with the name of a new publisher on the cover, but it has not with the change lost any of its ancient spirit. We recognize the same pens whose abilities have raised it to its present reputation. The novelties in this number are, "Herr Newman's Pil-grimage," a very clever poem; "Recollections of the Burschenshaft of Germany," an extremely interesting description of a peculiar society; "Scraps from Bralla-ghan's Common-place Book," a collection of translations of poems in various languages, with the originals; and an amusing tale for the first of April, entitled "The Mystifications of Mr. Julius Gullingsworth." The subjects of "The Insurrections of Italy," and "Irish Rivers," are continued, and there are reviews of, with copious extracts from, Captain Keppel's "Borneo," the Duke of Manchester's "Essay on Daniel," and Mr. Butt's treatise on "Protection to Home Industry." Besides these, we are introduced to some well-executed translations of children's stories, by HANS DAUMLING -tales such as childhood loves, such as we would far rather put into the hands of a boy or girl than the useful knowledge, as it is called, with which it is now the fashion to furnish the knowing faculties, to the neglect of the other tastes and feelings with which God has gifted We would educate both the imagination and the memory-the love of the beautiful and of the true alike therefore we trust that the translator of these charming children's tales will collect the others of the same author, and present them in an English dress to the child-world of our time. They will be right welcome to those for whom they were written, and, we suspect, be read with scarcely less delight by the elders who have in them one spark of the spirit of their youth. For them it is, not for the utilitarian, that we extract as specimens two of these little stories, so full of poetry. Take

THE LITTLE TIN SOLDIER.

There were, once upon a time, twenty-five tin soldiers downright brothers they were in likeness, and no difference between any of them, because they were all made out of the same They held their guns fast, and they stood up firm The first word they ever heard in their lives was the loud cry, "tin soldiers, tin soldiers!" as a little boy drew aside the cover of the box, and looked in at them, for they were his high they recent. birth-day present. They were all so exactly alike, only one poor fellow, and he had but one leg; the other was shot off, you'll say, in a battle, or perhaps fractured in the box; no, he was born so, "for it happened he was the last melted, and there was not tin enough to make two legs for him;" yet for all that he stood just as prim and upright on his one leg as his comrades did on their two; that was the very thing made his fate in life so remarkable. On the table where they were all ranged out, were many other toys, but the most striking of them was a castle made of paper, with windows-real windows that you could look through and see into all the rooms. In front of the gate was a little grove of trees, grouped about a small lake; a pond, which was made of a bit of looking-glass, and seemed exactly like real water; and so the little wax swans must have thought, for they swam about and looked at their reflections in the calm surface. But the prettiest of all was a little maiden who stood at the half-open gate of the castle.

She was dressed in snow-white muslin, with a sash of sky-blue over one shoulder, in the middle of which twinkled a star of pure gold. It was only a spangle to be sure, but it glittered like a real star; and the little maiden stretched forth her arms, and swung round in a pirouette so lightly and so beautifully that the tin soldier began to think that, like himself, she had "That were the very wife for me," only one leg. "That were the very wife for me," thought he to himself, " if she were not so grand, and did not live in that fine castle, while I have nothing better than a wooden box, and there are five-and-twenty of us in that—no place for one like her; for all that I'll try and make my acquaintance with And so he placed himself against a snuff-box that lay on the table, so as to gaze his fill at her, as she stood so easily on her one toe, and never lost the balance. At last evening came, and the tin soldiers were put up in their case, and the people of the house all went to bed. Then it was that the real fun began, for the toys commenced playing all by themselves—reviews and visits, and balls and dances, while in the box the soldiers made such a row, for they could not get the lid off to get out. The wooden nut-cracker, an awkward thing he was, began cutting summersaults; and the thin slate pencil, stiff and ungainly like a new recruit, walked up and down the table, and thought a deal of himself; " and the noise was so great that they awoke the canary bird, and he began to sing little verses upon them all." But there were two there that never stirred or moved-the little maiden and the tin soldier; there she stood, balancing as gracefully as ever, and there was the poor fellow, with eyes fixed upon her just as firm on his one leg. The clock struck twelve, and just as the last tone died away, off went the lid of the snuff-box. There was no snuff within, but in place of it there sprung out a little black magician, very fierce and very determined looking. "Tin soldier," said he sternly, "keep your eyes to yourself." But the tin soldier seemed as if he did not hear him. "Well, wait till morning comes," said the other, threatening him with his clenched fist, and away he went. Morning came, and the children got up, and the tin soldier was laid close by the window—was it accident, or by the power of the magician?—who knows?—but the window burst open by a current of air, and the tin soldier fell head-over-heels out of the third-story high. That was a fearful tumble! and he alighted right on his head, so that the bayonet stuck down deep in the ground. The little boy and his nurse came down to look for him, but though they hunted and sought all around, they never caught sight of him. Had he only cried out "here I am," they'd have soon seen him, but he did not like to scream out that way; it would not have been becoming, because he was in uniform! The rain now began to fall, at first drops, then in perfect torrents, and when it abated a little, two little urchins came past. "Look there," cried one—"there's a tin soldier; he shall have a sail for it to-day;" and they made a little boat out of paper and placed him in it, and set him off down the street-channel. Heavens, what a storm that was, and what big waves were there! for it had rained tremendously, and the waters poured over the stones like a mountain cataract; and the boat how it dipped, and bounded, and twirled round and round so madly, that the tin soldier got addled and confused, but never flurried a bit; he lay still, and changed not a feature, but held his muscles as fast as ever. At last the boat dashed down into a deep cavern, dark as ever the little box was with the cover on.
"Where to next?" cried the tin soldier. "Ay, ay, this is
the magician's doing. Well, if she were but here at my side,
I'd not care if it were as dark again." As he said this, a great I'd not care if it were as dark again." As he said this, a great big water-rat jumped out from under the wooden plank over the gutter. "Has't got a pass?" cried he; "come, out with it, old fellow." But the tin soldier never spoke a word, but held his gun firm as before. Away went the boat, and the rat after it, screaming at the top of his voice—"Stop him, stop him; he hasn't paid the toll—he hasn't shewed his pass!" But the stream was even stronger, and wafted the boat forward, and already a gleam of light was seen beyond the channel; but at the instant he heard a terrible sound-a plashing noise that might have made the stoutest heart quake with fear. Only think, where the board stopped, the street gutter was at an end, and the water, with a spring, leaped into a deep canal by a plunge like a downright cataract. The moment came over went the boat; it disappeared for a second or two, then was seen struggling in the waves, while the tin soldier sat still and firm; none dare say that he ever winked an eye, or so

much as changed colour. There, four times the boat sank to the very edge, the water closed over it; the tin soldier went down deeper and deeper—even up to his neck; the waves rose higher and higher, and at last clean over his head. His last thought was of her he was never to see more, while in his brain ran the burthen of an old war-song—

"Woe to the soldier, woe, Through danger he must go."

The boat was dashed to pieces, and he sank down even deeper, when suddenly a great fish sprang at him and swallowed him Oh! how dark it was there, and how narrow his prison, too! but his stout heart stood by him still, and he lay at full length, and never quitted hold of his musket. The fish swam here and there, and at length began to make the strangest turnings and turnings; it seemed bewildered, when suddenly a gleam of light broke forth, and a voice exclaimed—"A tin soldier!" For so it was, the fish was caucht and brought to For so it was, the fish was caught, and brought to market, and sold, and the cook had ripped it open, and taken out our little tin soldier, brought him up stairs in his hand, for every one was curious to see this remarkable man that had made a voyage in a fish's belly. But not a bit proud was he, but just the same as ever. And where do you think he was? In the very room he had been in before, and there were the same children, and the same toys, and the castle, aye, and better than all, the maiden still poising on her toe gracefully as ever. Oh! it might have made even tin weep with joy to see, but that wouldn't have been right. And he looked at her, and she at him, but never a word either of them spoke. Suddenly one of the children sprung out, and threw the tin soldier into the fire—he gave no reason for the act, but doubtless it was the magician's doing. The fire flashed and flamed around, and about him-was it the torture of being there, or the raging glow of love?—he knew not; all colour left him—was that the effect of his calamity, or the working of passion? I cannot say. He turned his eyes towards the maiden, her eyes were on him, he felt it, he was melting away; but in all his agony he was true to his trust, and his musket he grasped firmly as before. Just then the door burst open, and the wind wafted the maiden to his side—it was but a second, she flashed into one bright flame, and was gone. Then did he melt away faster and faster, till he became a little heap, which, when the maid took from the ashes, seemed to be shaped like a little tin Of her nothing remained save the spangling star, and that was burned black as a coal. So faithful in love and war, and true to his trust in both, died the little tin soldier.

And in a different strain read

THE FETE OF THE FLOWERS.

"Why do all these pretty flowers seem so withered and so sickly?" said Ida to her cousin, as he sat beside her on the sofa, and told her all manner of wonderful stories. "It was only last night they were in full beauty, and now their leaves are drooping, and their perfume nearly gone." "They are weary," said he, "that's all." "Weary! How can they be weary?" "Over-danced themselves, perhaps," replied he, cautiously as before. "You are jesting with me, Frank. Flowers cannot dance: they have no balls nor assemblies." "Hav'n't they, indeed? Since when have you made that discovery, I'd like to know?—or is it really that you never heard of a 'Flower Fete?'" "Oh, how beautiful that must be, Frank! And do they all go?" Ay, that they do—the great convolvulus, and the little violet—the large lily and the manney drop." "And where do they hold their meeting?—in the garden, is it?" "Oh, no—there they bloom and blossom all the summer time, whispering softly—mayhap singing sweetly to each other; for theirs is then a life of perfect pleasure, each giving happiness to the other, mingling their odours on the breeze, and blending their colours in the sunshine. It is in the winter they have their balls. Then are they carried away into the king's palace, and the great conservatory, and into the splendid salons of the grand duke, and there it is they have their balls; and what beautiful balls they are—so graceful and so elegant!" "Oh, how I wish to see one," cried Ida, in delight at the bare thought; "and my poor dear little flowers here, how they must have tired themselves, they look so weary and worn out." And as she said this, she took her doll out of her little bed, and laid the flowers in her place, to mind and tend them because they were down faint and almost dying! "Why wert thou not at the ball; am poor and lowly, and never venture to thrust my hoor dear little flowers here, how they must have tired themselves, they look so weary and worn out." And as she said this, she took her doll out of her little bed, and laid the flowe

so sickly. "No, Sophy," said she to the doll, "you needn't look cross or vexed. You are in good health, and can sleep very well for one night in the drawer here; but these poor little things are very, very ill, and need great care." And night came, and little Ida kissed her flowers, and went to bed and fell asleep-fast asleep; but when it grew late-past midnight, I believe-she heard a slight rustling noise in the room, and she awoke, and what did she behold but two flowers standing beside the soft bed, leaning over it, and as if whispering to the others; and they arose—at first wearily, but after a little, more lightly—and moved softly from the bed, and out of the Ida guessed what they were about, and slipped gently They took their way across from her bed and followed them. the garden, and over the little bridge, and then down the long promenade under the tall linden trees till they came to the park. The great gates were closed and locked, and two sentries were there; but they slipped past unseen, and somehow, Ida knew not by what means she followed equally unnoticed. At last, they arrived at the palace. The doors were shut, but no matter for that-they passed in easily as before, and Ida with them, and never stopped till they reached the ball-room. It was not lighted up; for though the king had a ball there, all the guests were gone, and the lamps extinguished, and all in darkness. "How will they dance here?" thought Ida." "There is neither light nor music;" but at the moment a tall shrub moved aside the curtain, and a flood of bright moonlight, clear and glittering as silver, bathed the room, while the night-wind gently opened the window, and sighed a soft but delicious strain over the flowers that lay like dead or sleeping along the polished floor. What a change was then, and in a second too! As if by magic, they arose, and then, and in a second too! As if by magic, they arose, and mingling embraces, began the ball. There were tall and fair lilies, like pale but lovely girls, graceful and mild to look upon; and here came hyacinths, like naval officers, with their blue coats and white facings; and then again there were generals, in carnation and gold; and beauties in pale rose tints; while old dowagers moved stately along, as lilies or snapdragons; and prosy old privy councillors, and elderly lords of the bedchamber, were seen as wall-flowers or drowsy poppies, gay enough to look upon, but very sleepy on nearer acquaintance; sly diplomates came as fox-gloves; and arch widows peeped out in mingled sorrow and coquetry, like two-faces-under-a-hood; little violets were midshipmen, and the tulips were flaunting belles, over-drest and gaudy, but scarcely fashionable-looking, beside the geranium or the clove-pink. And they danced so beautifully all manner of figures, to the soft breathings of the perfumed wind, weaving together in a thousand graceful fancies, and seeming like one all-lovely flower. And there came besides from the botanical garden, many foreign plants and flowers from India and China, and South America, and far-away lands; strange and curious dresses they wore-some brilliant and glittering, as if with gems; one, white as snow, they called a cactus, a princely-looking fellow, with a fillet of gold around his robe; and there were others, as it were in armour, with sharp weapons and spears all around them; and a funny little fellow, a Laplander, I believe he was, they said he was an ice-plant, all cold and frost-bitten, with glistening ice all over his leaves he had no partner, but seemed very happy to be among the rest for all that. They danced according to their national custom—the Polish lilies, the mazurka, the Spanish pinks waltzed, the Chinese roses stepped in droll measure of their own, and a little Indian fellow, with a white cap, twirled round and round, and said he was a dervish! The ball lasted till daybreak, when the music grew fainter and fainter, and Ida saw her flowers grow weary and turn homeward. She followed them by the same path they came, and as they went she spied a little daisy just opening his eye to the light, and making his toilette in the dew. How fresh and lively he looked, and how unlike the others, who, beautiful as they were, seemed now faint and almost dying! "Why wert thou not seemed now faint and almost dying! "Why wert thou not at the ball, daisy?" said Ida; "thou would'st surely have met some of thy countrymen there." "No doubt about that," said the daisy smiling; "my countrymen are of all said the daisy smiling; "my countrymen are of all lands; but I am poor and lowly, and never venture to thrust

are but short." So was it when Ida awoke; the flowers were dead and withered, their perfume was gone too, and nothing remained of their beauty, save some dried and colour-less leaves. And the daisy—oh! how the daisy finds herself—you have only to go out in the fields and you'll soon know

Dolman's Magazine, for April, opens with an address from the editor to the Catholics of Great Britain, calling upon them for the support to which its excellence certainly entitles it. Surely the Catholics can maintain one monthly magazine! If they do not, it will not be the fault of the conductors of this. The contents are sufficiently attractive. The articles are numerous and interesting. "Gleanings in the Green Isle," are full of useful information. "Traits of Character," by Mr. Jer-NINGHAM, are clever; "The Catholic Man of Letters in London," full of amusing sketches of persons, things,

and places.

The Home Magazine, for April, is the first number of a new enterprise. It offers no distinctive features to recommend it to particular notice save its small price, bringing it within reach of a class to whom a monthly magazine has been hitherto inaccessible. It consists chiefly of reviews, and more attention than usual appears to have been bestowed upon foreign literature.

Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine, for April, admi-rably preserves the spirit of truth-speaking and fearless advocacy of the poor with which it started. This number is rich in interesting articles, such as an essay "on the disadvantage of not being a dwarf;" "Baltimore Smith, a sketch from the Fleet;" "The Wives of Great Men," by PAUL BELL; "The Religion of Industry;" and so forth. The Editor's novel, "St. Giles and St. James," is continued, and illustrated with engravings.

Our Own Times, No. I. is another new periodical, illustrated by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK in the richest style of his unrivalled humour. The frontispiece is "An Outline of Society," crowded with innumerable figures, each a study, each telling a history, a wonderful work which would demand an hour for the perusal. Besides these, there are a number of woodcuts. The articles are on various subjects, such as "The Money Market," "London Penetralia," "Little Sins," "Sketches of Literary Life," and so forth.

Simmonds's Colonial Magazine for April contains its wonted mass of information relating to the colonies, with some most interesting original papers, of which the best is Mr. Hooton's "Rides, Rambles, and Sketches in "The Moral State of New South Wales" abounds in useful facts. The very clever tale, entitled "The Emigrant," is continued, with many other subjects we have not space to enumerate.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Maize, or Indian Corn. Its Advantages as a Cheap and Nutritious Article of Food; with Directions for its Use. By John S. Bartlett, M.D. London: Wiley and Putnam.

THIS little pamphlet will be a great boon at this time. Written by the editor of the New York Albion, himself a physician, it contains full instructions for the use of Indian corn as food in all the various forms known to the cuisine of America. It is obvious, from the high estimation in which this grain is held, and the manifold shapes in which it is presented to the palate, that its introduction into this country, and more especially into Ireland, will be an era in the history of civilization, for its effect will be to substitute a better, more nourishing, and more wholesome food for the potato. At first it

potato, it is finding favour with all classes; that the Johnny cakes, the ash cakes, the corn dodgers, the shoveys, the slappeys, the breakfast cakes, the muffins, and the other culinary products described in this pamphlet, are in truth a most acceptable addition to the best furnished tables. Therefore do we recommend every housekeeper forthwith to procure Dr. BART-LETT'S pamphlet, send for some meal of Indian corn, and make trial of the recipes they will find here for the production of griddle cakes, egg pone, and the other ery palatable dishes, whose quaint names are indicated

We select those which the Doctor declares to be the favourites in America, and when our readers shall have made trial of them, we should be glad to record their

opinions of the results.

Egg Pone.—Three eggs to a quart of meal—no wheat flour—to be made with milk—water would make it heavy—a spoonful of butter, all well beat together, and made up of a consistence thicker than the cakes—too thick to pour out—but just thick enough to require to be taken up with a spoon -may be baked immediately after being mixed-must be baked in a tin pan, which must be placed in a Dutch oven, not too hot at first, but the fire under it to be increased. object is to have it begin to bake at the bottom, when it will rise in the process of baking, become brown on the top, and when put on the table and cut, resemble what we call pound If your friend will exactly follow these direction then eat his cakes, or his egg pone, hot, with good fresh butter, he will find that Indian corn bread is fit for other persons as well as pigs to eat, the assertion of a corn-law member of Parliament to the contrary notwithstanding.

Indian Meal Breakfast Cakes .- Pour boiling water into a quart of corn meal, stir it until it is wet; then add two well beaten eggs, and milk enough to make it a thick batter: measure a small tea-spoonful of dry saleratus, and dissolve it into some water, and put it into the batter with a small quantity of salt; butter square tin pans, fill them two-thirds full, and bake in a quick oven; when done, cut it in squares, and

serve hot.

Artificial Oysters.—1 pint grated green corn, 1 egg, 1 table-spoonful wheat flour, 1 spoonful butter: fry them brown.

Baked Indian Pudding.—1 quart milk boiled, stir in 7 spoons meal while it is boiling hot, mix it quite thin; when it is moderately warm, add molsses, a little ginger and salt, 4 eggs, a lump of butter the size of an egg.

Boiled Indian Pudding .- 1 tea-cup of molasses, a piece of suet the size of two eggs chopped fine, 8 spoonfuls of meal; scald the meal with boiling water or milk, mix it quite thin, when it is nearly cold add four eggs well beaten. It requires

three hours' boiling in a strong cloth.

Ash-Cake is prepared from corn dough, and is cooked as follows: Make a bed by scraping away the ashes on all sides, roll the dough after being made into form between two cabbage leaves, place it in the bed and cover up with the previously removed ashes and embers: a little practice will determine the length of time requisite for cooking. The process resembles that of roasting potatoes.

Observations illustrative of the Defects of the English Systems of Railway Legislation, &c.; with Suggestions for its Improvement. By James Morrison, Esq. M.P. London: Longman and Co.

MR. MORRISON has devoted much time and thought to the consideration of the railway system, whose development in this country has outstripped the regards of the legislator. Mr. Morrison, in common with all thinking persons, regrets deeply that, in its earlier stages, this vast revolution was not placed under some sort of control, so as to seem lic interests the greatest advantages with the least detriment. ced under some sort of control, so as to secure for the pub-But while others have despaired of grappling successfully with a power which has been permitted to grow too strong for control, Mr. Morrison has set himself to devise palliatives, if not remedies, for the mischief done, and means was thought that Indian corn would be employed only by those who could not afford the luxury of wheaten flour. But it would appear that, like the the means of directing attention to a subject, the importance of

which can scarcely be over-estimated, and which, to be handled We heartily effectively, must be approached without delay. commend it to the careful perusal of all our readers.

Burial Ground Incendiarism. The last Fire at the Bone-House in the Spafields Golgotha, or the minute Anatomy of Grave Digging in London. By Geo. Alfred Walker, London: Longman and Co.

A LARGE debt of public gratitude is due to Mr. WALKER for the courage and perseverance with which he has exposed the horrible facts connected with the barbarous and destructive practice of burying in towns. In the pamphlet whose title is above extracted, Mr. WALKER has collected a further mass of evidence to shew how decency is violated and health endangered for the sake of the petty interests of a few persons who speculate in burying-grounds, and whose vile self-interests were shamefully suffered to defeat the bill introduced by Mr. MACK-INNON, for the purpose of forbidding the practice, although the destruction of thousands of lives annually in this metro-polis is the price paid for the preservation of these detestable gains. Let us hope that the time is not far distant when the public mind will awaken to a sense of the enormous amount of disease and death to which it submits as patiently as if it were an inevitable evil, although the consequence of practices which it might forbid by a word, and that the interests of a few dealers in dead bodies will not much longer be suffered to thwart the endeavours of the enlightened and benevolent to make the first great step towards the improvement of the health of towns, by the prohibition of burials of the dead, where decaying mortality can only poison the air and scatter disease and death among the living. To this end the circuladisease and death among the living. To this end the tion of Mr. WALKER's pamphlet will largely conduce.

Churton's English County Kalendar. London, 1846. Churton.

ALTHOUGH it comes forth somewhat after its proper time, this will be an extremely welcome work, because it is unique: it contains information to be procured nowhere beside. An account of its contents will best speak in its behalf. It gives us, first, an almanac, then a concise description of each county, its geographical position, population, cities, towns, civil and clerical divisions, places of election, produce, commerce, sta-tistics, fairs, markets, and railway stations, and then a list of the lords-lieutenant, high sheriffs, members of Parliament, deputy-lieutenants, magistrates, county officers, legal functionaries, bankers, and foreign consuls. Beside these peculiar kinds of information, are all the usual addenda to an almanac, stamps and taxes, annuity tables, &c. It is neatly bound, and is undoubtedly one of the most valuable of the series of books of reference which have so much facilitated the transaction of all kinds of public and private business in this country.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

A Discourse on the Life and Character of the Rev. Henry Ware, D.D., A.S.S., late Hollis Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge, pronounced in the First Church in Cambridge, September 28, 1845. By John G. Palfrey, D.D. LL.D. formerly Professor of Biblical Literature in the University. 8vo. pp. 37. Cambridge, 1845. John Owen.

The Life of Henry Ware, junior. By his brother, John Ware, M.D. 12mo. Boston, 1845. Munroe & Co.* IT is well that these two publications appear nearly at the same time. The father and the son were closely united during their lives, not only by the natural ties of mutual dependence and affection, but by the great similarity of their characters, opinions, and pursuits; and in their deaths they were not long divided. Educated alike almost from the cradle for the same profession, working

at their appointed tasks with equal constancy and devotedness, enjoying the same love, confidence, and respect, not only of the religious denomination to which they both belonged, but of the whole community who were witnesses of their gentle and unassuming virtues and remarkable abilities, and labouring side by side during the whole later portions of their lives as professors in the same institution, it seemed not unmeet that the two should be called away in quick succession from their earthly toils. Yet, if we regard age only, the divine summons came prematurely to the one, while it found the other in the fullness of years. The son died first, when he had hardly reached the age which is usually marked by the most vigorous expansion of the mental powers, and is with most persons no more than the middle period of their usefulness. His death, therefore, seemed a heavier privation to the multitudes who had profited by his counsels and example; but the feeling of privation was mercifully made lighter for his aged father, who had already passed the term of life assigned by the Psalmist, and whose mind was now partially obscured by the shadows of approaching dissolution. He lingered less than two years more, and then rejoined his eldest son.

Dr. Palfrey, for many years the colleague of the two in the management and instruction of the Divinity School in Harvard University, has paid a just and appropriate tribute to the character and services of the elder Dr. Ware. The story of his life, a life not of many incidents or vicissitudes, but of unremitting study and patient de-votion to onerous and important duties, is very plainly and briefly told, and the chief traits of his character are developed with great simplicity and fidelity. The portrait is a pleasing one, and a striking likeness, not overcharged with eulogy, nor burdened with minute details or any excessive display of analytical skill. Those who were well acquainted with the subject of the discourse will be grateful to the writer for the increased distinctness which he has given to their recollections of him, and for the graceful and feeling language in which he has embodied their sentiments of respect and affection for his memory. We have room here only for a meagre outline of the facts

and reflections contained in the discourse.

Henry Ware was born in Sherburne, in this state, on the 1st of April, 1764. His father was a farmer, whose moderate means did not enable him to do much for the education of a large family; and the boys could only attend a common school for a few weeks during the winter, while they were engaged for the rest of the year at work upon the farm. The gentle and rather timid manner of Henry Ware, united with his quickness of apprehension and love of books, made him a favourite with his teachers; and his elder brothers, "with a generosity so nobly common, then and now, in our New England farm-houses," resolved to unite their efforts to obtain for him a liberal education. The minister of the parish assisted him in his preparatory studies, and he was admitted to the Freshman class at Cambridge in 1781. Faithful in the performance of all his duties, and invariably correct in his deportment, he became distinguished as a scholar, and graduated with the highest honours of his class. But with the humility which was a striking trait in his character, he avowed that he had little pleasure in the retrospect of his under-graduate course, as he thought he had made but imperfect use even of the small advantages which the college, in those troubled days, was able to afford. Few will think, however, that much of his time was misemployed during those years in which he held the first rank among his classmates, and formed the mental habits which were the foundation of his success in after life. Dr. Ware was always equal to his work; he had no strong passions to contend with, nor any fruits of early carelessness or indolence to eradicate.

On leaving college, he took charge of the town school

^{*} This interesting and instructive biography is extracted from the last number of the North American Quarterly Review.

in Cambridge, in order to support himself while he was pursuing his studies for the Christian ministry under the direction of one of the clergymen of the place. His time of preparation was short, amounting only to a year and a half; during which period, moreover, seven hours a day were occupied in his school. But the native vigour of his mind, his strict application and orderly habits, even with such imperfect opportunities of regular culture, were enough to insure success in his profession, and his preaching from the first proved highly acceptable to his audiences. Dr. Palfrey sums up very briefly, but with nice discrimination, the qualities on which his popularity as a preacher depended.

He had the great Christian preparation for his studies, which is assured in the promise, "if any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine." The clearness, Scriptural simplicity, and practical character of his expositions of truth; the rich personal experience disclosed in his discourses; their modest, and at the same time winning and fervent, tone; the gentle and sincere solemnity, which impressed and subdued all the more for assuming nothing, and inspired confidence in the same degree as it tacitly disclaimed authority; the native and cultivated refinement of mind, which not only made any offence against good taste, any coarseness of address, impossible, but which knew how to find for gospel truth the kindest access to the waiting spirit; the ruling good sense, which conceived no extravagances; the contemplative and tender feeling, which had fathomed the depths of every remonstrance and rebuke that was uttered; these qualities in the young preacher, set off with the advantages of an engaging presence, a musical voice, and a natural action, fixed attention and won golden opinions in the congregations to which he ministered, and were a rich earnest of the excellent usefulness of his years of riper service. -pp. 12, 13.

He soon received an invitation to take charge of the First Church in Hingham, and was ordained there on the 24th of October, 1787. Two years afterwards, he married Mary, daughter of the Rev. Jonas Clarke, of Lexington. Ten children were born of this marriage, of whom four died in infancy, and three sons and three daughters arrived at years of maturity. Mr. Ware continued to be the minister of Hingham for eighteen years, his labours being cheered by the respect and confidence of a numerous and intelligent congregation, and darkened only by the anxieties which arise from a narrow income and a large family. He was settled upon a salary of four hundred and fifty dollars a year, which was after-wards increased to seven hundred. This sum being quite insufficient for the wants of his household, he was obliged to eke out its deficiencies by keeping boarders, and taking boys under his charge to fit for college. The duties thus entailed upon him were laborious and irksome, and they interfered seriously with the progress of his studies and the growth of his professional reputation. But in these respects, most other clergymen had to contend with diffi-culties equally great, and his relative standing therefore was high in proportion to his fine abilities, the extent of his attainments, and the strength of his character.

Accordingly, in 1805, the decease of Dr. Tappan having created a vacancy, Dr. Ware was appointed to the Hollis Professorship of Divinity in Harvard College. This appointment proved the signal for an open rupture between the two parties into which the Congregational Church in New England had long been divided, though circumstances had hitherto prevented any outward manifestation of the schism. In the theological warfare which ensued Dr. Ware took little or no part; he had but little personal concern in the matter, as his appointment was contested on doctrinal grounds, and not from any alleged disqualifications in point of character or ability. The action of the corporation in his case was confirmed by a considerable majority in the overseers, and the question being thus virtually settled for him, he quietly occupied himself with the duties of his office within the contagion inspired them with the love of it, and of the

college, leaving it for others to ride the storm of religious controversy that was raging without. Averse to angry discussion both by temperament and principle, the gentle and diffident cast of his mind, and his industrious habits, inclined him to keep within the still air of delightful studies; and the cares of his office and his family offered scope enough for his ambition and his efforts. Not till fifteen years after his appointment did he take any part in the religious controversies of the day; and the discussion in which he then engaged with the Rev. Dr. Woods, of Andover, protracted for about two years, was at once his first and last appearance as a polemic. The letters and replies issued on this occasion, together with two small volumes, which appeared at a much later period on the "Foundation, Evidences, and Truths of Reliand some occasional sermons, were his only publications.

We cannot dwell here upon the nature and value of the services rendered by Dr. Ware as an officer in the academical and theological departments of the university. "His official connection with the college," says Dr. Palfrey, "has covered the whole of three presidencies, embracing far the most prosperous period the institution About two-fifths of the whole numhas ever known." ber of graduates at Harvard, and nearly all the Unitarian clergymen in the country, have been his pupils. He instructed the undergraduates by lectures and sermons from the pulpit, by recitations on the evidences of natural and revealed religion, and by a course of academical lectures on the history and criticism of the books of the New Testament. For several years he had the exclusive direction of the studies of the candidates for the ministry, and after the Divinity School was established, in 1815, he shared with others its instruction and management. His theological teachings were strongly marked with the candour and fairness of his disposition, the clear and logical arrangement of his ideas, and by his deeply seated religious belief and devotional spirit. It was a valuable lesson for the conduct alike of the heart and the intellect to attend an exercise by Dr. Ware. His character and deportment never failed to command the respect and affection of the whole body of the students; and when, on two occasions, he was charged temporarily with the duties of president of the College, the institution flourished under his manage-

We quote a portion of Dr. Palfrey's remarkably just and happy delineation of his character.

I never heard of his having an enemy, and he had cordial friends and well-wishers without number. I never heard of any body's being injured by his unkind word or deed. A meek and gentle charity was the spirit of his life. Mild and encouraging in his intercourse with intimates and strangers, encouraging in his intercourse with intimates and strangers, tolerant in his judgments, reasonable in his expectations, easy to be pleased, patient to wait God's time for his successes, grateful for what was given, content to forego what was denied, a rare serenity of mind endowed him richly with that truest independence that can belong to man. No one could be much with him, and continue to cherish the tumults of a selfishly ambitious or a dissatisfied temper. Occupying a conspicuous and responsible station, in which an agitator would have found abundance of temptation and scope for turbulent activity, and which unavoidably, from the circumstances of the times, invited some ungentle assault, he knew how to be inflexibly true to its obligations, without ever a de-parture from the meekness of wisdom. The candour of his mind was remarkable. He trusted truth enough to give error every fair chance. Who ever knew him unjust to an adverse statement, or heard him sharpen an argument with a taunt? The scrupulous, rather the essential and spontaneous, fairness and uprightness of his understanding was an eminent qualifi-cation for a liberal discipline of youth. Its influence gently

goodness with which it is congenial. A great firmness in counsel and action belonged to this steady tranquillity of spirit; a truer man, to stand courageously by what his cautious judgment had once approved as fit and right, does not live. A hopeful perseverance belonged to it no less. His official success was not without its interruptions. At one time, twenty-five years ago, some of the most eminent of his pupils adopted a theory of Christianity the most adverse to his views of a sober interpretation of the Scriptures. At a more recent period, the School was partially infected by what he and his colleagues regarded as a sad tendency to no religion. But he had lived long enough to see many unexpected occurrences, and therefore to see some others without surprise; and observation and experience, as well as meditation, had given him a reliance on the power of truth, and of the well-directed labours of its friends, which forbade a moment's discouragement or distrust, even though some floating vapour should, within the little range of its transient shadow, obscure that ever-burning sun. And always, before long, a better state of things rewarded his constant hope.

The character of the father, with the slight modifications incident to some original difference of temperament, was happily reflected in that of his eldest son. The history of the childhood of Henry Ware, jun. says his brother, "constitutes, perhaps, the most important part of his biography. Then impressions were made, a tendency was given, and habits of thought, feeling, study, and action were formed, which appear to have decided his whole future course." The influences of his early home were of priceless value to him, and left but little in his character to be corrected by the harsher lessons of personal experience in maturer years. He lost his mo-ther, indeed, while he was yet a boy; but not till he had largely profited by the peculiar tenderness and watchfulness of a mother's love, so that he could be trusted for the future with more safety to the firmer hand, and more uniformly judicious, but less incessant, guardianship of his remaining parent. The mutual confidence and sympathy of the father and the son gave to their intercourse, so far as one can judge from the letters published in this volume, more the appearance of two friends consulting with each other on important topics, with equal liberty of judgment, than of paternal authority and filial submission. So much care was taken with early habits and first impressions, that little or nothing remained to be corrected by subsequent teachings, and there was no room for reproof. The lessons related to progress and higher attainments, and not to the correction of mistakes already committed, or the repression of impulses once indulged.

For the further illustration of this point, we quote the following beautiful account of the early religious education of Mr. Ware.

It is impossible to designate the period at which religious impressions were first made upon his mind. It would be difficult, indeed, to look back upon any moment at which he was destitute of them. He had the happiness to be brought up under the guidance of parents with whom religion was not so much a thing of times and seasons, as it was an element of their daily life and conversation. It was, therefore, presented to his mind in its most attractive form, constantly kept in view, held up as the most important concern of life, but diwested of that air of formality and sadness which so often makes it repulsive to children. Instruction on this topic was constant, but not burdensome. Family worship and the reading of the Scriptures were made an indispensable part of the duty of the day, but not protracted so as to be tedious to the young; whilst private devotion was so inculcated, as to make its omission felt as an act of ingratitude to the Creator. Every occasion of trial, sickness, or death afforded an oppor-tunity for gentle, but distinct admonitions, intended to impress on the young mind the uncertainty and dangers of life, the certainty of death, and the reality of eternity and judg-The Sabbath was to be regarded as holy time, a day by itself, essentially different from the other days of the week

was to be more religious than on other days, but on which religion was to become more peculiarly the subject of meditation and study. Still it was not made gloomy by tasks or restraints so severe, as to associate it with the idea of privation and austerity. It was suffered to be a day of cheerful-ness, but yet of moderate restraint upon the buoyancy and playfulness of childhood.

This passage explains the whole secret of Mr. Ware's peculiar religious character. His faith was an inflexible and ever-working principle, constantly applied to all the concerns of life, yet never thrust obtrusively forward, nor paraded when out of season. It was eminently a practical and personal thing, which formed an atmosphere, as it were, that coloured all his motives and conduct. It had all the warmth, but none of the blindness, of enthusiasm; it was founded on strong convictions and deep feeling, but guided by sober judgment and excellent common sense. He united in as great a degree as any individual whom we have ever known, the qualities of a cool head and a warm heart. His religious belief had grown up with him as a part of himself; and he held it, therefore, easily and gracefully, as something taken in the natural way, and not as a quality superinduced upon old habits by inoculation or some great revolution in the inner man. He troubled himself but little with dogmas, and was very unwilling to enter upon any polemical discussions, while he delighted to talk and write upon religious subjects. In the light of an earnest and deeply seated faith, working from the heart outwards, he held that most theological doubts and difficulties were sure to be dispelled. (To be continued.)

JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

[It is intended in this division of The Critic to collect communications of facts observed in Natural History, for which at present there exists no medium. Correspondence is requested.]

DISCOVERY OF A MINERALOGICAL CAVERN.-The improvement of the road from this town to Fort Augustus has led to the discovery of a singular cavern, near Abriachan, about seven miles from Inverness. A considerable quantity of stones and rock having to be removed, in order to prevent their shifting down on the road, a cavern was discovered partly filled with that peculiar deposition from limestone called alabaster, or, more properly, stalactite and stalagmite. The entrance, which is well seen from the road, has the appearance of a door sloping backwards with the angle of the mountain, which the cave penetrates for about twenty-one feet in a horizontal direction, varying in height from six to ten or twelve feet, and from one to two yards in breadth; the roof in one part has a dome-like form, composed of shattered rock, through which water oozes. At the extremity of the cavern there is an opening in the rock running inwards two or three yards, completely encrusted with stalactite, together with pieces depending from the roof; the whole is formed by water containing carbonate of lime, with carbonic acid, trickling through the crevices. Those hanging from the top are termed stalactite, and the flat masses formed on the floor are termed stalagmites. Some portions of the flat pieces seem to be composed of the spray floating through the cavern, as they present the appearance of small prisms in combination. Cutting through the rock has shaken off a great part of the deposit. Scattered among stones, large pieces have been found of different kinds, some of the long masses varying in size from half an inch to three inches in diameter; two specimens found at the edge of Lochness are in length eight inches each, two and a half inches thick, and weighing six pounds, and they are perforated through the entire length by a small hole, in which the formation seems to have been carried on. The colour is of a yellowish white. When fractured, the long round pieces appear formed of distinct layers, slightly but beautifully varied in colour, and spreading in circles from a centre, opaque and semi-transparent, of the partially-crystallised variety. is a tabular mass on one side of the cavern, within a foot of the in its object and employments; not as a day on which man | floor, presenting grotesque shapes, from a pulpy substance to

solid stone; those portions on the side walls are more translucent than the depending ones, or those stretching outwards. When touched the inner opening rings with a metal-like

sound .- Inverness Courier.

BIRD'S NEST .--A curious discovery was made on Friday on board the little Highland steamer Inverness, which has been lying at Bowling for the last two or three years unoccupied. The vessel has been sold, and a crew was sent down to bring her up to Glasgow, when, on one of the men entering the hold, he was not a little surprised to find at the farthest end a bond

fide bird's nest, containing seven eggs. The nest was built of clay, and was supposed to be a sparrow's.

Enemies of the Farmer.—The destructive properties of the wood pigeon to the agriculturist may not be generally known. Last week one of this species was shot from the top of a tree at Wiseton, in whose crop no less than forty-four beans were found. They had evidently been stolen from a recently-sown bean-field. We have named this bird the wood pigeon, as it is called by the farmers, though the appellation is not correct. It is the ring pigeon, or Cushat (the Columba palumbus of Linnæus), and not the true wood pigeon (Calumba Ænas). We have, however, before us proof, by whatever name known, of the very large quantity of corn that must annually be devoured by the large flocks of this bird inhabiting our district .- Doncaster Chronicle.

An old shepherd, in one of those outlying border parishes where there are sometimes more quadrupeds than bipeds in church on a Sabbath-day, was a regular attender, with his old dog, at the parish-church, down to the Disruption. But at that eventful æra he quitted the establishment and joined the Free Church. His dog, however, no friend to newfangled highflying notions, could by no means be persuaded to change, but, while his master trudges every Sunday to hear the minister of his choice, away he trots doggedly to the place and the preacher he has been accustomed to .- Border Watch.

THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of Tue Critic, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

LETTERS FROM A TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

CITIES, LITERATURE, AND ART. LETTER III.

BRUNSWICK TO MAGDEBURG.

It was day break,-

-Comincia la bell' alba A scuoter l'ombra intorno della terra Svegliando gli animali in ogni selva,

our Beiwagen advanced rapidly over an excellent road; on our left was a wide extended fertile plain, bounded by the Hartz; and before us, girt around with pleasant walks and a shady park-like plantation, Brunswick, or Braunschweis, as I was reminded by the Herr Post-Amt conductor. It was an oddity of that very excellent man the late Mr. WALKER, the author of the Original, to believe, that whenever he was in perfect health, dust would not settle on his shoes!! I have my or, if you please, my own little insanity also, as regards certain sensations of luxury when you are travelling;— I am convinced that notwithstanding the closeness of a fourinside, and the extreme aversion of the Germans to fresh air, that no sooner are you conscious of your approaching arrival at the appointed place of rest, than your limbs, however rigid, become relaxed, your eyes, however sealed, then burst their cerements, and—always admitting you are in perfect health your face seems to become, as it were, self-washed by some gradual, imperceptible effort of nature on the skin! Our whole cohort betokened this great moral and physical revival, as we saw, or knew, or felt Brunswick before us. The postillion evidently became more animated, and his very "seven league" boots (they had certainly travelled more) seemed to participate in this pleasure. Apropos des bottes, considering their size—for they are not much less in length than an adult's their size—for they are not much less in length than an adult's tion can refer—for they, for the most part, are of pewter; but coffin, or rather larger than our life guardsman's leg invest- to the associations which naturally arise when we stand, as it

ment-I became nervously anxious to know how he got them on, or himself in. I regret I could never obtain a satisfactory solution of this; but once on, it appears to me that, unless by some great bodily convulsion, or amputation of the leg, they can never be taken off. The postillion is a government official, and wears a gay state livery, harnessed over and around him by a rope-walk length of cords and tassels. On his left side he carries his horn, upon which he blows at intervals well and lustily. His figure it is impossible to describe, the outward man is so overlaid and garnished with livery, laces, and leggings. He is not tall, nor short, nor thin, nor fat; his affinity to the human race it is painful to admit, and difficult to disavow. You observe, you analyse, and reflect, you decide, and postpone your decision, for ever to your waking or your sleeping sense, he remains the same, a negative hypothetical being, not yet observed, or figured by Blumenbach, Morton, or Dr. Pritchard. As a contribution to the "Physical Researches" of the latter, I will describe the tribe as they appeared to me. The features flat, fat, squat, and inexpressive, the skin, dark, dusty, covered with shiny, clammy erubescent pimples; skull depressed, the nasal organ small, and lost between the cheeks, which project like promontories on both sides. The mouth is large, dentals strong and regular, frequently blackened by the pipe, the manner heavy, appetite rapacious. To enable him to endure his boots and accoutrements, he undergoes an education not dissimilar from that of a knight or page of old. As they began to bear the mimic weight of pasteboard panoply, and went through a gradual process of helmet, hawberk, cuisses, and greaves, till they could bear the pomp and weight of a full suit of steel; so the postillion is set apart from the rest of the family, and trained by a successive variety of heavy coats and boots, to endure his future government investment. Without this, not one in two could survive its oppression. "Except your own national taxes, believe me, there is nothing more so." So I thought and admitted, as the beiwagen stopped near the railroad station; and our guide prepared to conduct us to the Hotel d'Angleterre. This is an excellent hotel, with large, clean, handsome rooms; and although we arrived at a very early hour, and it was known we should start again in the afternoon, yet every possible attention was paid us; and, after enjoying an excellent breakfast, provided with a very active Lohndiener, we commenced our survey of the city. "Pilgrim of England to the grave of the late Queen Caroline, you stand in the dome which her celebrated ancestor, Duke Henry the Lion, founded after his return from Palestine in the year 1172." Such is the commencement of a little tract put into my hand by a very demure, mummy-looking woman, as I entered this cathedral. I could not deny the truth of my "local habitation," although I was somewhat unprepared for this very swelling opening, and pathetic adjura-tion of Pilgrim of England,—a title to which I had as little claim as that of the Palmerin. We found the Dom was under-going very extensive repairs. It is a plain, cruciform build-ing, erected between 1176—1260, though parts are evidently of more recent date. The monuments were covered up; but as the effigies of many are of pewter, I was desirous only of seeing the sepulchre of Henry the Founder, and his consort, Matilda, sister of Richard, Cour de Lion. The figures are stiff, the drapery tolerably good; the features not devoid of expresssion: they are of the twelfth century. Turning from these, and advancing towards the altar, there are pictures by Von QUITTER and HARMES. But I was more interested in examining the walls, upon which, after removing the several coats of whitewash, extensive decorations in fresco have been brought to light. Of their subject, age, or value, in their present condition, it is impossible to speak; I should think they were not later than the thirteenth century. We were now solicited to visit the Funeral Vault, and were informed that, to see it properly, we must pay for a wax candle illumination! sented, and we descended.

How beautiful is death, Death, and his brother Sleep!

I unconsciously repeated, as the heavy door was swung open; and we found ourselves in a spacious vault, with the coffins of this brave ducal house around. Not that to these the quotawere, in the presence of those whom time hath thus chased into darkness. How infinitely little, too, does then life seem! With what a subdued feeling do we not return unto the world! How gradually thought awakens, stealing over sensation, fettering the lightest hearts, and solacing the most weary, by this aspect of sacred rest! For are not the dead, to us, as spirits consecrated unto God? The same perceptible, immutable calm that invests all nature, when the sun which has been her glory and her life, sets amid

Edged with intolerable radiancy.

So that

Paia il giorno pianger che si more.

seems to steal o'er us, when we retrace the past course of those whose once bright day has thus waned into the darkness of the tomb. It is impossible to visit this vault, too, without feelings of commiseration and of respect; of commiseration for that unhappy woman Caroline of Brunswick, whose gorgeous coffin occupies the middle of the floor; and of respect, when viewing the remains of her father, one of the heroes of the seven years war, killed at Jena, in 1806, and of her brother, his avenger, who was slain at Quatre Bras in 1815. One would imagine some fatality attended the fortunes of this house, like that of the Orestæ. Of the descendants of Henry the Lion, few have been gathered to the tomb in the full course of time; of all, the lives have been chequered by extreme misfortune. Even that poor queen, once the object of so much party hate, now meets with willing sympathy ;—true, not because of her merits, but because of her hapless destiny. Young, thoughtless, ignorant, indiscreet, of not unpleasing personal appearance, though "arec des épaules indécentes," as the French say; of coarse tastes, with a contempt for the commonest rules of the toilet, and an habitual aversion to personal ablutions and clean underlinen; with not much natural and no acquired morality-and no innate conviction of its necessity—she is married to a vulgar voluptuary, whose mind, debauched by indulgence, was lost to all moral sense, and had become morbidly squeamish, even in what remained of its former conventional refinement. Read Lord Malmesbury's Diary, who knew them both, and tell me if this be not true! Here is his picture of the introduction:—
"They met, for the first time at St. James's. She knelt as he advanced; he raised her, gracefully enough, embraced her, uttered barely one word, turned round, retired to a corner of the apartment, called me to him, and said, 'Harris, am not well; pray get me a glass of—brandy!!' I suggested water, to which he replied, with an oath—'No, I will go directly to the—queen!' The princess was in a state of astonishment, and said, 'Mon Dieu, est ce que le prince est toujours comme cela? Je le trouve TRES GROS, et nullement aussi beau que son portrait!' The next day was a day of vulgar indiscretion on her part, and from that hour she was hated. Had, however, kindness, forbearance, and confidence been shewn, she would have proved then worth the culture; but her destiny was fixed; she was literally—I use the prince's own words—'smuggled over,' owing to the state of affairs at that time; scarcely honoured she entered England—how she left its shores for the final resting-place of her troubled spirit, I need not detail. I witnessed that scene of mob triumph, and shall never forget its impression."

But I pass to other topics.

Quitting the cathedral we crossed a square in which stands an ancient bronze lion, of stiff Byzantine workmanship, mounted upon a lofty granite pedestal, and thence returned to the Alte Rathhaus, and Cloth Hall. The exteriors of both are well deserving attention, particularly the former, of which Prout has given a most picturesque sketch. Near this is St. Martin's Church; it is a spacious, well-proportioned building, and upon entering I found the sermon was then being preached to a very beggarly account of empty pews. I got near to the preacher, who fully repaid, by his earnest eloquence, the looks of mute attention which hung upon his words. His style may be described as cumulative hortatory, such as Edmund Law and Dr. Johnson would have praised. The service was of the Lutheran Church; for all religions are here tolerated and maintained by the state. We next visited the palace, a fine building erected by Ottmer; one side of the right wing, as you pass beneath the bold and chaste Corinthian portico, is unfinished, and, upon inquiry, we were told it remains so, as a

punishment upon the reigning Duke, because, in defiance of the wishes of the Chambers, he still continues to play Benedict, and remains invulnerable to the charms of the fair *Ducal* marrying sex of Germany, charm they never so handsomely, prettily, womanly, wisely. By this time the churches wer closed, and the museum was open. I cannot tell you with what pleasure I mingled amid the crowd, with what satisfaction I witnessed their well-bred manners, and the deep and silent reverence with which they seemed mentally to bend be-fore many fine creations of the best period of art. The pictures of the greatest merit are well displayed; and the patteres of the greatest ment are well displayed; and the attendants vied with each other in pointing them out as we passed along. Here is a portrait of Henry the Lion, by an unknown artist of the German school, with some Monkish Latin rhymes attached to it, a suspected RAPHAEL, a good LUCAS CRANACH, "Hercules," a portrait of GERARD DOW, by himself, Landscape, and Grotius and his Wife, by REMBRANDT, both of his later period, portraits by HOLBEIN, among which (No. 312), Sir Thomas More, a female head by ALBERT DURER, one of those marvellous transfers from nature to the canvass by Denner, Landscapes by Jacob RUYSDAEL, several by RUBENS, the Last Supper, by T TORETTO, Portraits by VANDYKE, Birds and Poultry MELCHIOR HONDEKÖTER, and three by JAN STEEN, (386) "The Merry Company," (420) "The Contract of Marriage," being two of his best pictures, exhibiting his rich and harmo-In the last nious colouring, chiaro scorro, and freedom. picture he has represented himself tapping a cask, to which unhappy propensity he sacrificed his health and genius, his pictures now so valuable, were to be met with in his day at almost every beer-shop in Delft, and were given repeatedly as payment for liquor. His carly works were more carefully finished.

I cannot, however, pretend to give you accurate details of the collections here formed, but I confess to obtain a good knowledge of the historical progress of art, the relative merits and characteristics of particular schools, a residence here and at Berlin is indispensably requisite prior to visiting the collections formed at Dresden and Vienna. We passed rapidly through the library, where I was allowed to examine some folios of scarce prints. They have here also some fine MSS, and in adjoining rooms an elaborate masterpiece of carving of St. John in the Wilderness, a Crucifix, by M. Angelo, and a collection of Majolica, I believe the best existing. Quitting the Museum we made an extensive detour around and about the town; the streets are, for the most part, broad, well paved, and frequently terminate in squares or open places. The population is now computed at 36,000, and trade apparently maintains the greater part. The government of Brunswick is strictly limited, the succession is through male and female, and is based upon the articles agreed upon in the "Landschafts Ordnung of 1832." The legislature is composed of the Duke and two Chambers, the upper consisting of six prelates and seventy-eight holders of what are termed equestrian estates, the lower of six prelates, deputies from towns (of which the capital sends six), and representatives of smaller landowners, or probably not of noble families. No minister can be a representative. The Chambers have the initiative; they must be assembled every three years, but during their prorogation a legislative council is established. Taxes are voted for three years, and are always controlled by the Chambers. The average contribution of each individual to the state is about 12s. 6d. per annum. Religion is free; and all sects, I am told, live in the utmost harmony together. This is the natural result of equality in civil rights and temporal possessions. Believe me, we are too often requested to quarrel in the name of spiritual things, when the real point is to gain or retain, for some particular faith, its political power and temporal posses-sions. Men differ alike from sincere conviction, and from indifference to truth; but the mind would soon close, the heart difference to truth; but the mind would soon close, the heart soon obliterate the wound and every trace of its gangrene, were it not that pride, possession, and worldly ambition extend or keep it irritable and gaping. To Pilate truth was a thing indifferent—to the Jews, the destruction of their faith and ceremonial observances—what ensued? The death of our most merciful moral teacher. Power and persecution appear inseparable. When you were in power, said a great Protestant minister to a Catholic, you kept us down; it is our turn now, and you shall feel the pressure of the weight which you inand you shall feel the pressure of the weight which you inflicted. The system of education here is very good, and the government has always paid great attention to the intellectual condition of the people. In Brunswick they have the Lyceum and Real Institut, which includes every branch of education requisite for the higher and lower classes. I must stop, we are all packed; "Uncle William" has mounted guard in his camlet over the luggage, and the porters are impatient,-such is the restlessness of travelling man and the inexorable punc-tuality of steam. I write from Magdeburg in my next.

ART.

Bem Bublications.

Heath's New Gallery of British Engravings. Parts IV.
and V. London. Bogue.

The two new parts of this valuable addition to the drawing-room table contain portraits of Miss Meyer and Mrs. LANE Fox, from The Book of Beauty; LAMI's clever groups, "The Family Concert," and "Convaclever groups, "The Family Concert, and Conva-lescence;" a view of the interior of the Madeline at Paris, by T. Allom; and the Church of St. James at Leige, by the same. These engravings have already appeared in Mr. Heath's works, but they are recom-mended here by their exceeding cheapness. Their excellence has been long since acknowledged.

Architectural Notices of the Churches of the Archdeaconry of Northampton. No. I. Higham Ferrers. Oxford: Parker.

It appears that an architectural society has recently been established in the archdeaconry of Northampton, comprising almost all the resident nobility, clergy, and gentry, their object being to rescue from destruction the remains of ancient architecture, and we hope also to encourage the improvement of modern architecture, both civil and sacred. The publication, of which the first number is now before us, is a promising commence-ment of the labours of the society. It is devoted to the church of Higham Ferrers, of whose architecture, external and internal, the most minute description is given, and illustrated with numerous engravings. Not only by those to whom that fine building is known, but by all who take an interest in ecclesiastical architecture, will this publication be welcomed, We hope, too that the example of the archdeaconry of Northampton will be generally followed, and that similar societies, with similar objects, will be formed in all parts of the country.

THE SUFFOLK-STREET GALLERY.

SECOND NOTICE.

A SECOND visit to this exhibition has confirmed us in the opinion that the Gallery is this year richer in able Scattered among a works than it has heretofore been. multitude of worthless, and, as affecting the nascent taste of the public, pernicious things, are many clever pictures, which, if not sought for, from their simplicity and absence of pretension, escape notice altogether. That much coveted place of honour, the line, does not always number the finest works; and he who would enjoy an exhibition and acquaint himself thoroughly with merits, must go patiently through the catalogue, instead of limiting himself to the most prominent and advantageously placed subjects; since "hanging committees" are not infallible, but have their weaknesses, like other

The members of this society, we perceive, are about to petition her Majesty for a charter of incorporation, to en-able them to found "a School of Art, for providing instruction of the first order, and on the most liberal scale," and to empower them the more efficiently to transact

their affairs than they now can.

The copy of their memorial, which has reached us, is not as explicit as it might and should be. Of the manner in which they propose to carry out their views we are totally uninformed; and we venture to say that unless the petition they present express more clearly their requirements, and set forth more fully their designs, it will receive a quiet negative from the August Personage to whom it is addressed. If the intention of founding a school of art, and of arming themselves with corporate powers for the better economy of their internal affairs be the sole motives which move the society to this step, fault cannot justly be found with them. But suspicions that other and less worthy views are entertained, that selfaggrandizement, and jealousy of the Academy have a part in the movement, most certainly have more than once obtruded on our mind, though, it must be confessed, the printed copy of the memorial affords nothing tangible to justify them.

It gave us real pleasure to learn that, notwithstanding the unfavourable condition of the country just now with regard to money, the sales up to this date have actually doubled in amount those of any former year up to the moment when the flood of purchasers has come in from the Art-Union. Notwithstanding this, many attractive and meritorious works, especially landscapes, yet remain

unsold.

We resume a detailed notice of the works exhibited.

No. 85. "Wilt thou begone? it is not yet near day!"

H. HAWKINS.—The meaning of this is wholly unintelligible. A lady, with a most lackadaisical expression, leans on a sentimental looking gentleman, who for his part looks anxiously up as if terrified by some object above him. This subject is not redeemed by a single artistical excellence of any kind; in drawing, colour, and expression it is equally vile. Mr. HAWKINS may take our assurance, that whatever his aptness for other pursuits may be, he has none for art, and the sooner he for-No. 95. Scene at Honfleur, Normandy. E. HASSELL.

We have here the largest, most elaborate, and striking of Mr. Hassell's works. The scene is evidently a faithful, un-exaggerated, transcript from the reality. The outlines combine, and the accessaries compose picturesquely; there is transparency, airiness, and space in the sky; the river is finely painted; and the whole is remarkable for force, fidelity of

No. 97. Landscape: Evening. R. Tittorn.—This is a name we do not remember to have met before. The artist has a just feeling for nature, and ability to express that feeling on canvass. There is the true poetry of landscape here; and, judging from this early exponent of his powers, we expect to find Mr. Titrond achieving even more notable and meritorious works, and to meet with him frequently hereafter.

No. 103. Welsh Girl at a runnel; and, No. 111, Rustic Figures in North Wales. J. J. HILL .- That the artist has looked closely to nature for these subjects, their strict fidelity gives incontestible proof. All the lay figures or models that ever entered painter's studio could never give the rustic character and the homely life-like expression which distinguish these desirable little works. When we say that the figures and accessaries are equally meritorious, that the colour and drawing are faultless, and the sentiment of each work is highly ap-propriate, we pay the highest compliment to the artist that can be offered, and which he unquestionably deserves.

No. 125. From Craig-y-Ddwiart, Denbighshire, looking up the vale of Clwyd. J. W. Allen.—A commanding and masterly landscape. It shews a hill road stretching up through rocks to some lime-kilns on the left. From the centre of the foreground another road leads down into the far-famed vale of Clwyd. Between these are perched the cottages of quarry-men, near which rises a group of ashes. On the right, the wavy outlines of some hills run up to the distance, and there subside in the horizon. The valley is filled with characteristic detail properly made out; across it, at middle distance, an effect of cloud-shadow, cool and transparent, most happily for the improvement of the landscape, is thrown. In this, as in all others of Mr. Allen's works, this year exhibited, we perceive great im-provement in painting skies. We have here light and depth of atmosphere in abundance. The whole of this fine landscape is painted with a sure hand, the pencilling is everywhere characteristic, the colour always pure. The foreground is skilfully managed, and not weakened by the variegated hues of purple and yellow, which Mr. ALLEN too frequently used to affect. We submit whether the group of aspens standing up against the sky is not of too dark a green to harmonize with the pretone; it violated our eye, or we should not have named it. This is most certainly an able and covetable land-

No. 130. Cupid listening at a Cottage Door. F. Y. Hurlstone.—We have no doubt this Cupid was painted from a girl, for the face is a feminine one. Altogether it is an unsuccessful production. The figure is not merely unpoetical and badly drawn, but absolutely vulgar and ill-proportioned. The subordinates are painted in as careless and indifferent a man-

ner as they well can be.

No. 131. The Watering Place. H. J. BODDINGTON.— This is a landscape which evinces in the artist no common share of rustic feeling. The light and shade are cleverly dis-posed, the colouring is everywhere truthful, the water clear, cool, and reflective, the various kinds of trees are finely discriminated, and the finish is throughout most careful.

No. 135. Harvest-time. W. SHAYER .--This is marked With all the peculiarities, good and bad, of the artist's style. With a lively apprehension of the picturesque, and an even and sure hand, Mr. Shayer is foxy in colour, and not sufficiently varied in his oppositions. The middle ground and back ground here are too much of a strength, and the shocks of wheat and the stubble too brown in colour, and indistinct.

No. 148. Roslin Castle. H. J. Boddington .- A fine midday effect over a romantic landscape. The whole is painted with a clear pencil, and the handling is characteristic The distance and foreground are in shadow, while a gleam of sunlight glances through mid-distance and illumines the picturesque old castle and the cliffs which sustain it. The river, winding through rocky scaurs, is finely painted, and adds greatly to the picturesqueness of the scene. Perhaps the artist might improve the landscape by marking more in detail the brushwood and rocks on the left bank of the stream.

No. 149. Portrait of James Mathison, Esq., M.P., and No. 159. Portrait of Lady Brinckman. J. Holmes.—A pair of chilling dismal-looking portraits, vilely drawn, and muddily coloured. A worse compliment than is here paid to

the sitters represented, it is hard to conceive.

No. 155. The last Ray of Hope. J. STEWART.-With the exception that the artist affords nothing which suggests the title of his picture (too common a deficiency now-a-days), this is a meritorious work. It represents a shipwrecked mariner leaning on a crag of rock, and overlooking the dark main, behind which the sun is setting in stormy splendour. There is not a sail upon the ocean, a raft, or boat, to justify "the last ray of hope." The pose of the figure assists the sentiment of the picture; there is great force throughout, and the effect of ruddy sunlight is singularly vivid.

No. 158. Fruit-piece. J. C. WARD.—We are quite at a

loss to divine the motive which induced the "hanging committee" to award such favourable positions to this artist's fruitpieces. It cannot be that their merit commands them; for here, as in the other work we have noticed, the textures, arngement, and oppositions are as indifferent as they can be.

No. 166. A Window at Seville. F. Y. HURLSTONE. A glance at this clever work has convinced us we were hasty in stating last week that A Spanish Peasant Girl (No. 493) was the best of Mr. HURLSTONE's works. We have seldom witnessed a greater triumph of this artist than he has here The subject is simply a Spanish lady at a window, looking out, while she screens her lovely face from the sun with a fan. The colouring is warm, the shadows thin and transparent, the limbs are round, and the flesh tones of the happiest. Altogether this is a meritorious and desirable pro-

No. 173. The Market-cart—Evening. A. MONTAGUE.— It is evident from this that the artist has been lately studying GAINSBOROUGH, in whose manner this landscape is conceived. There is a charming glow of colour, and a presence of sultry air throughout. The accessaries compose simply but effec-

tively; the scene is thoroughly English; though the cart and figures suggest the bygone days of GAINSBOROUGH more than those of the present; and we have only to regret that so meritorious a work should be difigured by slovenly handling, as in

many parts is here the case.

No. 174. Gulnare and the Pacha. F. Y. HURLSTONE.—
This is a picture imposing from its magnitude, but from no better peculiarity. It represents the scene in "The Corsair," where the Pacha and Gulnare, after their quarrel, separate in anger. The gesture and expression of the actors are suggestive and appropriate enough, but, having said this, there is nothing more to praise; while we have to blame the vulgarity and coarseness of the figures, and the mottled patchy colour and slovenly finish, which prevail in this work.

No. 185. Interior of the Church St. Etienne du Mort, H. M. ANTHONY .- One of the best interiors in the Exhibition. The effect is cleverly arranged; the light astonishingly vivid, too powerful, indeed, to harmonize with the

shadows, which want depth to balance it.

No. 194. St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall. H. LANCAS-TER.—A picture that considerably enhances this artist's repu-tation as a marine painter. The turbulent sea is finely painted; there is actual motion and buoyancy in the waves. The composition is pleasing, and the colour truthful.

No. 210. Napoleon. Count D'Orsay.—We have here a

hard crude work, at an immeasurable distance below life. The head has none of the massiveness and intellect which charac-terised its original, but is stolid, inanimate, and to a degree affected. The textures of the face, curtain, regimentals, &c. are all the same; and the flesh tones are chalky and cold. One striking anomaly marks this work. A broad gleam of light is admitted on the left, and passes diagonally downwards across the picture, lighting up the crimson curtain which forms the back-ground; but without striking upon the figure or relieving it in the slightest, any more than does the shadow This is an error of fact, which, in a subabove and below.

ject of such pretensions, is wholly unpardonable.

No. 211. View from Symonds' Yat, on the river Wye. J. TENNANT.-With some obvious defects, this is, notwithstanding, a clever landscape. It is a broad noon-day effect, and the lights are judiciously disposed, to assist to the utmost the subject. The river, which we well know, is represented much narrower than here it really is; but, with this exception, the local features are exact enough. There is a want of mass in the foreground, which a little broad pencilling on the road-This landscape sustains the artist's

way given will remedy. This landscap well-earned reputation for careful finish.

No. 224. Sunday Morning in the last century. H. M. AN-THONY.—The idea of this picture was, we suspect, borrowed from the touching work by Mr. Frith in last year's Academy Exhibition. Much of the subject-matter of that memorable work, even to the pathetic figure of the sick girl, is here introduced under a varied combination. The scene represents an Irish congregation coming out of church. The clergyman, in gown and cassock, is giving his pastoral greeting to a few parishioners before some cottages in the foreground. Behind are sundry good folks in holiday clothes, on horseback, in carriages, and on foot, preparing to return home. A file of schoolchildren, with a beadle, move away under a porch to the left, and two liveried flunkies look over some palings towards the manor-house on a knoll in the middle-ground. The story is manor-house on a knoll in the middle-ground. every where intelligible; there is purpose in each accessary to the picture. For the diversity of characters introduced, and the skill displayed in grouping them, for accuracy of costume, and careful drawing, the artist deserves the warmest praise. His colour, however, is too patchy, and his lights and shadows do not harmonize as they should do. The landscape portion of the picture is by no means happy. The sweetener has been used so freely in the sky as to destroy all its character and the follower of the street of the stree ter, and the foliage of the trees is far too scanty and methodical. It will be time well spent, which in future works this artist

may devote to greater pains in these particulars.

No. 233. The Menai Straits. J. B. Pyne.—As this is No. 233. The Menai Straits. J. B. PYNE.—As this is the largest, so is it the most effective, imposing, and masterly work in the gallery. The view is taken from a lofty height, commanding a far prospect of the Straits of Menai, and its sand-bound shores. In the distance, the famed suspension-bridge is faintly traced out. On the left rise the grand mountains of Carnarvonshire; the middle distance is composed of

broad plateaus and picturesque banks, with smoke trailing ne-kilns at various points. Two vessels only, seen at a vast depth, are on the strait. In the foreground is a clump of pines, a wall-fence, the tops of a few trees against the distant waters, and some three men at work grubbing up the roots of a tree. Such are the details of a landscape which the genius of the artist has invested with all the hues and attributes of living nature. For space, light, and atmosphere the work is unrivalled, and we did not wonder to find it marked "sold," on learning that the extremely low sum of marked " sold," two hundred and fifty guineas was the price modestly required for it by the artist.

No. 240. A Surprise. C. Josi.—A covey of birds are here represented under some weeds at the foot of a tree. A pointer stands on them, and the sportsman is coming up. From the fact of the birds being engaged some in preening their feathers, and others standing up, we venture to say the artist is not a sportsman or he would have known better. With danger so near, partridges are never taken unawares, but lie so close as to be almost unperceivable. There is life and spirit in the dog, and equal truth of colour and careful finish

On the Thames, near Medenham, Buckingham shire. A. W. Williams.—A landscape forcible to the verge of hardness. The sky, loaded with flocky, packed clouds, recedes finely. The lines compose well, and the handling of foliage, verdure, and water, is of the happiest. This landscape only wants greater transparency in the shadows, and a more equal finish to be a valuable one.

No. 272. Promised Bliss; and No. 283. Departed Joys. E. PRENTIS .- Two extremely meritorious works. For sentiment; simplicity and beauty of composition; purity and richness of colour, and delicacy of finish, these works are particularly remarkable. They would do credit to the cabinet of the

most fastidious connoisseur.

No. 289. River scene, Holland. H. LANCASTER.-We have already given honourable mention to this in our introduc-tion to the detailed notice of works here exhibited in our last number. It remains only to invite attention to it, as one of

the ablest works Mr. Lancaster has produced.
No. 333. French Girl, with a tambourine. G. Stevens. —This is marked even more strongly than usual with Mr. STEVENS's peculiarities. We have character strongly developed, and great force of colour; the shadows, however, are purple, and the textures woolly. There are light and breadth in the background.

No. 342. Criccieth, Carnarvonshire. J. B. PYNE .least successful of this artist's works. The sea is icy and hard, and the shower dropping from the clouds smeary and foul.

No. 354. Portrait of Payne Collyer, esq. C. BAXTER. This is a cleverly painted head, full of character, and instinct with life. The flesh-tones are pure and warm, the shadows thin and colourless. If more care had been bestowed on the drapery, which is ill-defined, the portrait would have been

No. 464. Sheep-shearing. H. Hawkins.—This appears a favourite subject with Mr. Hawkins. Like all men who are deficient of creative power, he recurs continually to the subject in which he fancies himself once to have succeeded. Accordingly, we have repetitions of the old faces and figures, with scarcely new combinations to recommend them. The proportions and drawing are here equally faulty, and the landscape portion of this work is absolutely pitiful.

No. 442. Madonna and Child. E. LATILLA.—Painted in the hard dry style of MASACCIO, RAFFAELLE, and ALBERT DURER, which the German school so diligently endeavour to The composition is graceful, the drawing exact, and the flesh-tones are pure, yet cold. The lights are very broad; but the work wants that spiritualised expression—the embodiment of some abstract quality, that formed the excel-lence of the immortal productions after which this is painted, and the absence of which, as here, leaving the work to rely simply on its imitation of flesh and blood, sinks it below the level of those which, aiming at no higher excellence, attain for the most part the end required.

No. 484. The Croppies' Grave. H. M. ANTHONY .- This is a touching scene, but its sentiment is disturbed by the broken manner in which it is composed. The light is vivid enough; but the landscape portion, especially in the trees, is

An unaffected, cleverly conceived, and pleasing subject. The colouring is clear, broad, and rich, and the delicacy of pencilling most praiseworthy.

MUSIC.

DAAGONETTI.—This celebrated contrabassist is lying at his apartments, in Leicester-square, in a hopeless condition. He is in his 80th year. His disease is incurable dropsy. Dragonetti was born in the year 1766, at Venice. He was first engaged at the London Italian Opera House in 1790, since which he has continued there, from season to season, until the present year, without intermission. His property, independent of his violins, tenors, and double basses, is believed to be considerable.

The receipts of the last musical festival at Norwich amounted to 5,4321, and the expenses to 4,1801.; leaving a surplus of 1,3521. The committee have recommended that 9501. of this sum be given to various charitable institutions,

Jeny Lind, the singer, slipped down a step a little while ago and sprained her ankle. All Berlin has been ever since in a state of great agitation. The principal topic of conversation has been Jeny Lind's ankle. All the aristocracy have been to visit her; the King and Queen have sent every day to inquire after her, and have caused her to be attended by their own physicians. Lord Westmoreland, the English ambassador, has been particularly attentive to the charming songstress; his passionate love of music, and great proficie the art, leading him to look upon artistes almost as his equals. The English can scarcely form an idea of the enthusiasm with which Jenny Lind is received in the "capital of Germany, as the King of Prussia likes to call Berlin. Places in the theatre must be applied for in advance; and as the applicatheatre must be applied for in advance; and as the applications far exceed the number of places, a register is kept of the persons taking them, so as to prevent one person having a place more than once. Jenny Lind well merits the sensation which she creates; for her voice is astonishingly sweet, and her talent exceedingly great. Tamburini is also at present performing in Berlin, his name figuring in the affiches as that of "M. Tamburini, singer at the Imperial Opera of Russia," as if his talent were not sufficient attraction without his Russian Another item of theatrical intelligence from Berlin is that Mademoiselle Hagen, one of the most celebrated artistes of Germany, is about to quit the stage and enter into the holy bonds of matrimony. She is not only celebrated for her talent, which is of the very highest order, but for what the French call her relations intimes with several of our German

potentates, little and big.

MANAME PLEYEL.—The concert given by this celebrated the benefit of the cianist, at the Temple des Augustins, for the benefit of the Hôpital des Creches, came off on Sunday, the 22nd ult. and was attended by nearly 3,000 persons. Madame Pleyel was encored in all her performances, and at the conclusion of the concert a coronet was placed on her brow by the president of the Philanthropic Society; after which the lady patronesses of the institution thanked her warmly for her liberal conduct, and

presented her individually with their bouquets.

Dohler, the pianist, has been elevated to the rank of noble by the Duke of Lucca. This artist is about to marry the wealthy Russian heiress, Mdlle. Eliza Scheremetiew .- Musical World.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET.—Mr. PLANCHE, having got tired of fairy aterials for Christmas and Easter pieces, has had recourse to materials for Christmas and Easter pieces, has had recourse to the world of antique lore for his new extravaganzas, adapting the well-known satire of Aristophanes, The Birds, to modern times and circumstances. Mr. Planche's satire is, of course, less powerful in itself than that of the great master of satire, but then it is more telling, inasmuch as all his hearers are au courant of the men and manners aimed at. As to the plot of the pièce we have none to tell, the whole affair being made up of

quips and jokes, and sharp sayings, and burlesque songs; Miss P. HORTON is the nightingale in the Society of Birds represented; and she sings her part most charmingly, giving full effect to its humour. The scene of the city in the air, wherein the feathered company are assembled, is exceedingly pretty. The piece was given out for repetition amid considerable applause, mixed up, however, with no slight disapprobation.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE. -On the evening of Easter Monday PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—On the evening of Easter Monday Mr. MACREADY made his re-appearance on the London stage. Absence seems rather to have excited than calmed the enthusiasm of his many admirers. Hamlet was the character represented by Mr. MACREADY. This is far from being the most popular of his representations, and equally far, we think, from being his best. It is in no way comparable with his Lear and Richelieu, and many other of his representations requiring more physical power and less subtle perception of character than are demanded of the enactor of Hamlet. We do not hesitate to express our belief that the character of Hamlet has been wholly physical power and less subtle perception of character than are demanded of the enactor of Hamlet. We do not hesitate to express our belief that the character of Hamlet has been wholly misunderstood by Mr. MACREADY, and that his representation of that character would gain vastly by a more systematic study of the great Shaksperian critics, English and German, than Mr. MACREADY appears to have devoted to them. The Hamlet of MACREADY is far too noisy, boisterous, and passionate. He is not the man who lacks gall to make oppression bitter, whose every feeling is the offspring of a thought. We cannot help, also, objecting to the occasional little, but not unimportant liberties taken by Mr. MACREADY with the text of his author. We are the more surprised at his taking these liberties, inasmuch as his whole career has been a warfare against those who have done the same thing, only on a somewhat larger scale. The Easter piece which followed, and which was entitled The Lady Godiva, and Peeping Tom of Coventry, was a poor affair. The scenery, dresses, songs, and dances were pleasing, but the writing of the piece was wretched. And yet the subject chosen for the base of what was intended to be the fun was admirably calculated for the display of humour. The cant of the present day about the poor, and the mania for be the fun was admirably calculated for the display of humour. The cant of the present day about the poor, and the mania for meetings, associations, and petitions upon that subject offered infinite scope for ridicule and pointed dialogue, but the opportunity was quite thrown away; the ridicule was more contemptible and ridiculous than the thing ridiculed. Oxberry the mimic and the dancing saved the piece from a condemnation that would have been well merited by the dialogue. At the same theatre a new adaptation from the French was produced on Tuesday, under the title of Ernestine. It is well translated and well acted by Mrs. Stirling, as the interesting heroine, and by Miss May, Mrs. WALLACK, and Mr. H. MURRAY, in the other characters. The story is that of a young girl, the deserted daughter of a nobleman, whose efforts to conclilate her father's tenderness have, in the first instance, the effect of awakening her step-mother's jealousy; for she has introduced herself into her father's house in the character of a waiting-woman, and remains for some time unknown in her real waiting-woman, and remains for some time unknown in her real position. Eventually her filial devotion is rewarded by the desired return of her father's affection, by the esteem of her stepmother, and the hand of her lover. We have seldom seen Mrs. STIRLING to greater advantage.

ADELPHI.—A new piece from the French, one entitled Le Mansard de la Cité, was brought out here on Monday night, called Industry and Indolence; or, the Orphan's Legacy. In revival of old dramatic custom, this piece carries a moral with it; what that moral is, may be guessed from the title. Industry and Indolence are two brothers, and fellow-workmen in a large builder's yard, with which the scene opens, and in the course of which scene we learn that the industrious workman, Elienne (Mr. Houw), is lowed by Ratifole, which character as is annully the Howe) is loved by Batifole, which character, as is usually the case with the parts undertaken by that young lady, was inimitably performed by Miss WOOLGAR. We also learn in the first scene that Agathe (Miss ELLEN CHAPLIN) is loved by Marcel, the indolent workman (Mr. Selby), and Sansonet, "an amorous topsawyer," as the bill informs us, performed by Mr. Marcel, the indoient workman (Mr. Selby), and Sansonet, "an amorous topsawyer," as the bill informs us, performed by Mr. WRIGHT; but as the father of Agathe requires one thousand frances as the fortune of her husband, neither of these gentlemen seems to run much chance of gaining the fair one. The builder's yard, with which the scene opens, belongs to Monsieur Delamare (Mr. CHARLES PERKINS), who carries on a large business in Paris. He has speculated largely and unfortunately; his only hope of escape from ruin is in the will of an uncle, whom he supposes to the childless, he is, however, informed by Rallin a hope of escape from ruin is in the will of an uncle, whom he supposes to be childless; he is, however, informed by Rollin, a vagabond (Mr. O. SMITH), at the same time that he tells him of his uncle's death, that he has left his whole property to an illegitimate daughter, Cecile, the orphan (Madame Celleste). Of this orphan, Rollin, and, at his instigation, Monsieur Delamare, resolve torid themselves: she is to arrive in Paris by the railway late in the evening, is waylaid by Rollin and another villain, and, with eyes and hands bound, is east into the river; just in time, of course, arrives the industrious workman, Elienne, who, after killing one of the murderers, leaps in and saves Cecile. A

tableau, in which are seen Cecile and Elienne, exhausted and senseless, is the close of the first act. The second act discovers the attic of Elienne, to which he has brought the orphan, in whom he discovers a form which has been repeatedly present to him in his dreams, the thoughts of which have rendered him sad and cold—a coldness which makes him indifferent to the love of his intended, Batifole. Elienne and Cecile are discovered by Batifole and a host of friends, who are to be present at her wedding, which was to have taken place this identical morning. The discovery of Cecile in the chamber of the bridegroom of course changes the aspect of affairs, and also gives rise to some very pleasant acting from Miss WOOLGAR. The life of poor Cecile is again attempted by Rollin, who tries to entice her to the mouth of a well, over which he has spread some straw; his plan is again frustrated by Elienne, who rushes on and casts himself over the well's mouth, at the moment that Cecile is unconsciously stepping into it. Her persecutors, having discovered that all depends upon her father's will, of which she is possessed, now direct all their powers to the possession of the papers. This they propose doing by the employment of Marcel, the indolent workman, who is to steal the papers at night from Cecile's bed-room, which for this night is at an inn in the village whither he has gone to transact the necessary business with her father's lawyer. This plan is in effect, though at present only partially frustrated, by the eternal Elienne, who in his heroic efforts is stabbed by his brother Marcel. Marcel, however, escapes with the papers, and, after concealing them in a stone quarry, he repentantly returns to Cecile; before doing this, however, he is on the point of being murdered by M. Delamare and Rollin, who are interrupted and secured by Sansonet, and a whole host of villagers. Industry, that is Elienne, recovers from his wound, forgives his brother, and Cecile promises to marry him. Batifole, the rejected one, is to be marri out, despite the vapidness of the dialogue, is highly interesting, and is maintained in a most spirited manner by the greater portion of the performers. Madame Celeste acted with her usual naiveté. Miss Woolgar was delightful. Wright, of course, was capital; Mr. Howe, as Etienne, was very judicious; thus we might go on saying a good word for almost every actor in the piece, did our space permit us to do so; but we must conclude by saying that Mr. Paul Bedford was as coarse and dull as ever, and that Mr. Selby, as usual, let his enthusiasm drive him into and that Mr. Selby, as usual, let his enthusiasm drive him The stone quarry is the most picturesque we have seen for many a day. And this meed of praise must be given to Nôtre Dame, by moonlight, and to a scene where we are shewn a street, with houses in the progress of building. Upon the whole, *Industry* and *Indolence* is successful, and seems highly gratifying to the holiday folks.

SURREY THEATRE.—A burlesque upon the far-famed tale of Jack the Giant Killer was produced here with great success on Monday. It was followed by another new piece from the indefatigable STIBLING, a farce from the French, Sous les Toits, and then again, by a really very tolerable ballet in which a HERR NICCOLO mocks and mews and diabolizes almost as well as WIELAND himself.

The OLYMPIC THEATRE has been attracting by a grand bur-

lesque, combining dancing and music, after a novel fashion.
COVENT-GARDEN.—Mr. ANDERSON, the Wizard of the
North, has taken this theatre for a limited period, and, in addition to the attractions of his own necromantic feats, has secured tion to the attractions of his own necromantic reats, has secured the services of a band of sixty instrumentalists, who perform in the course of the evening a well-selected concert. He has also engaged two German brothers, Herris Tom and BILL SMITH, who play, at an inconvenient length, upon an instrument they call the ancient Dulcimer. Upon the whole, however, the enterwho pay, at an inconvenient rength, upon an institute tary call the ancient Dulcimer. Upon the whole, however, the enter-tainments are ample, and Mr. Anderson's enterprize was rewarded, on the night we attended, with a crowded house. Mr. Anderson, next to Philippe, is the eleverest handed magician our day.
The Easter holidays have, as usual, crowded all the places of

The Easter nondays nave, as usual, crowded an the places of public exhibition with eager sight-seers.

The COLOSSEUM has been a principal attraction, and the reduced prices have made it accessible to all classes. Day and night this unrivalled exhibition has been thronged with delighted visitors. It is probably the most magnificent exhibition in Europe.

DIORAMA has reduced its prices, and is conristed by hundreds to whom its beauties had been previously unknown. The View of Heidelberg seems to be the favourite, although we prefer that of the Notre Dame, at Paris; but both are very beautiful. As we presume there will soon be a change of scene, we advise those who have not yet visited it to lose no time in doing so. They will, we are sure, agree with us that the Diorama is one of the most pleasing sights of London, and a wonderful pictorial illusion.

The ETHIOPIAN SINGERS have continued their unique conthe ETHIOFIAN SINGER have continued their unique concerts at St. James's Theatre; and although it is well known that their blackness is artificial, so admirably do they play their parts, and so thoroughly have they acquired the spirit of the negro melodies, that these performances are as curious and interesting as if veritable Africans were before us. All should pay them a visit, once, at least. It is unlike any thing they have heard before.

M. Philippe has produced a new series of magical effects at the Strand Theatre. He is certainly the prince of conjurers, and the profusion with which he throws among the company his ex-cellent bon-bons, his flags, and his bouquets, and the coffee and wine with which he treats them, half incline us to imagine that his title of magician is more genuine than is believed. If the reader doubt, let him go and see.

MR. LOVE, THE POLYPHONIST, commenced a season in London, at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Wednesday. He is the legitimate successor of MATTHEWS, and more nearly approaches to that great master of personification than any artist we have seen. His ventriloquism is extraordinary; and his rapid shances of deeps countrance and voice are thoroughly start. changes of dress, countenance, and voice, are thoroughly start-ling. None who witness can fail to be pleased with his per-formances.

THE PANORAMA, with its three attractive views, especially the noble one of Constantinople, has been throughout the week, and we hear but one expression of admiration at the interest of the seene and the excellence of the painting. None should visit town, even for a day, without spending an hour in Leicester-square.

WEIPPERT'S SOIREES DANSANTES .- The last of the subscription nights was Monday, when a numerous and select company assembled to enjoy the dance, enlivened as it was by the famous band of Mr. WEIPPERT. Every thing that could conduce to the comfort and convenience of the guests was liberally provided, and they did not part until a late hour. So much satisfication have these helicipes that me understand at the severe action have these balls given, that, we understand, at the request of the subscribers, an extra one is to be held for the benefit of Mr. WEIPPERT.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—This institution has been visited by thousands during the week, who listened to the lectures of Doctors RYAN and BACHHOFFNER with becoming attention. The dissolving views appeared to be the chief at-traction. Among these is a series of views on the Columbia traction. Among these is a series of views on the Columbia River, in the Oregon territory, from sketches made on the spot by a gentleman who resided in Oregon for a period of nine years. These views are accompanied by a description of the country, &c. which adds greatly to their interest. Another attractive feature is Mackintosh's new revolving engine. It is indeed an extraordinary sight to see a carriage propelled by so simple a machine. It is worked here by atmospheric pressure, but is capable of being used either by atmospheric pressure, but is capable of being used either by atmospheric pressure, but is capable of being used either by atems air or the gases. Mon. pable of being used either by stemospheric pressure, but is capable of being used either by steam, air, or the gases. Morgan's machine for cutting envelopes is another novelty; it is exceedingly simple, but performs the operation with extraordinary rapidity, precision, and power, cutting many thousands in one minute. The musical department, under the management of Doctor Walling continues. Doctor Wallis, continues as agreeable as ever. The museum has been re-arranged with great taste by the secretary of the establishment, Mr. LONGBOTTOM.

The ADELAIDE GALLERY has introduced the Ohio Melodists as rivals to the Ethiopians, and no despicable ones neither. Be-sides these, there is a concert and a party of juvenile dancers, and Mr. CRAMBROOK's magical deceptions and dissolving views, and a lecture or two, and a host of other entertainments to make a couple of hours pass very pleasantly.

SNEEZING MAL-APROPOS .- The following laughable incident is related in a New York paper:—In the new melodrama, recently got up at the Chatham Theatre, a famous robber is taken and beheaded, and his head is exhibited to the audience by being placed on a table in the centre of the stage. To accomplish this to the life, the robber's body is fixed to the table, and his neck is fitted to a hole in the centre of the leaf, so that to the audience it looks precisely as though the man's head had to the audience it looks precisely as though the man's head had been cut off, and stood up in a pool of its own blood upon the table. On the fifth night of the exhibition, a wag got into the third tier of the stage boxes, and by some unexplained manacuvre, managed to blow a lot of Scotch souff over the stage, just at the time the head was placed on the table. As soon as the snuff began to settle down, the head commenced sneezing, to the no small amusement of the audience; and as the sneezing could not be stopped, the curtain fell amidst roars of laughter and confusion.

PLACES OF PUBLIC AMUSEMENT. NOW OPEN.

ne accommodation of our numerous country subscribers during visits to town, we purpose to insert regularly a list of the sights e seen. This list will be corrected and enlarged from time to time. resent it is necessarily imperfect.] For the accom to be seen. This li

BRITISH MUSEUM, Great Russell-street. Open every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, from 10 to 4, gratis.

NATIONAL GALLERY, Trafalgar-square. Open every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, from 10 to 4, gratis.

THEATRES.—Drury Lane—Haymarket—Princess's, Oxfordstreet—French Plays, St. James's Theatre, King street, St. James's—Adelphi, Strand—Lyceum, Strand—Sadler's Wells, City-road—Surrey, Blackfirars-road, All daily.

PANORAMA, Leicester-square. Every day.

DIORAMA, Regent's-park. Every day.

COSMORAMA, Regent-street. Every day.

The Tower. Daily, from 10 to 4.

COSMORAMA, Regent-street. Every day.
THE TOWER. Daily, from 10 to 4.
MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAX-WORK, Baker-street.
CHINESE EXHIBITION, Hyde-park-corner.
POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, Langham-place. Daily, from 10 to 11 at night.

ADELAIDE GALLERY, Lowther-arcade, Strand. Daily.
THE COLOSSEUM, Regent's-park. Day and night.
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's-park. Daily, but the visitor must be provided with a member's order. SURREY ZOOGLOGICAL GARDENS, Kennington.

MISCELLAREOUS EXHIBITIONS now open are—M. Phillipe's Conjuring, Strand Theatre, every evening—Mammoth Horse, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, daily.—Ethiopian Serenaders, St. James's Theatre, Tuesdays and Thursdays.—Tableaux Vivants, Dubourg's Rooms, Windmill-street, daily, morning and avening. and evening.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE CASTLE OF LA ROCHEGUYON, ON THE SEINE.

BY LORD JOHN MANNERS.

The Seine beneath La Rocheguyon rolls, But he carries no tale away,
No lights from those walls on his waters gleam,
As they gleamed in the olden day.

Yon crumbling keep, and that ruined tower, How they speak to the thoughtful mind, And whisper high things of the fair Guerchville, That noblest of womankind!

Did ever so gallant a monarch before Bend down to a beauty so proud? Was ever so winning a suitor's prayer By such peerless lips disallowed?

"Sir King, though a nobler house than mine Fair France in her borders wide Contains not, yet 'tis not noble enough To give to her monarch a bride.

" But if I am sprung from too lowly a house Your heart, as a Queen to share I am sprung from far too lofty a line To reign, as its mistress, there!'

NECROLOGY.

MR. HUGH MURRAY.

It is said, and generally with truth, that the lives of literary men, being devoted to study and abstraction, do not afford much incident to excite public attention. Their names are familiar, and their writings may be admired; but with the knowledge of these superficial facts the world is disposed to rest satisfied. Mr. Murray's life is an illustration of this remark. For nearly forty years he was known as an author, but his modest, retiring manners prevented the sterling worth of his character from being appreciated in society so fully and extensively as it deserved to be. His family was highly respectable and well-connected. His father, and grandfather, and great-grandfather were ministers of the parish and town of North Berwick in East Lothian; a living which his ancestors had held uninterruptedly from the period of the Revolution till the death of the incumbent, his elder brother, in 1824. His mother was sister to the late Principal Hill, of the University of St. Andrews. At an early age he was placed as a clerk in the excise-office in Edinburgh, where having at command con-siderable leisure from his official duties, he cultivated a literary

appreciated by referring to the numerous and valuable works which he gave in succession to the world. Mr. Murray's first production, and when he was a very young man, was, we believe, the "Swiss Emigrants," a tale, published anonymously, but containing proofs of a cultivated mind, and a strong turn for romance, which might have raised him to eminence, had he chosen to select fiction as his peculiar walk of literature. A few years afterwards he enlarged and completed "Dr. Leyden's Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in Africa," which appeared in 1817, in two octavo volumes; his next work was the "Account of the Discoveries and Travels in Asia," which was published in three volumes octavo, in 1820; and in 1829 appeared his "Discoveries and Travels in America," in two volumes octavo. These productions display very considerable research; they are written in a lively, elegant style, and acquired for their author, at the time, a liberal share of popularity. Along with his more important labours, Mr. Murray had some connection with the newspaper press, and was for a time editor of the Scots Magazine, published by the late Mr. Archibald Constable, who was at that time the great Mæcenas of Scottish literature. He also contributed to the Edinburgh Gazetteer; but it was his connection with the magazine that procured for him a place in the celebrated Chaldee Manuscript, among the other rival heroes lampooned in that extraordinary satire. His great work, however, that on which his fame will chiefly rest, was his "Encyclopædia of Geography," which appeared in 1834. It was a stupendous monument of reading, industry, and research. It seems like the employment of a lifetime, the united labours of a society of contributors, rather than the production of a single pen. During the latter years of his life, he was a frequent contributor to the "Edinburgh Cabinet Library," published by Messrs. Oliver and Boyd; and of that excellent and useful series no fewer than fifteen volumes were either partially or entirely written by him. The most elaborate either partially or entirely written by him. The most elaborate of these productions are his "History of British India," three volumes; his "Account of China," three volumes;" of "British America," three volumes; of the "United States," three volumes. For the same publication he wrote the historical part of the "Polar Seas and Regions," the descriptive account of "Africa," and an enlarged edition of the "Travels of Marco Polo." Such diligence has not many examples, even in the case of literary industry. These weeks when that even in this age of literary industry. These works shew that he possessed talents and acquirements of a high order, but withal his manners were simple, retiring, and unassuming to an extreme degree. His extensive knowledge made him a valuable and entertaining companion; and while esteemed for the wide range of his information, he was beloved for the kindness and simplicity of his disposition. Mr. Murray was a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, also a member of the Geographical Society of London; and had he been ambitious of honours, there are few literary associations of Europe on whose lists of membership his name might not have been enrolled .- Edinburgh Advertiser.

THE REV. DANIEL EVANS, B.D.

The Rev. Daniel Evans, Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford, and of Maesnewydd, Cardiganshire, known as a Welsh bard by the title of Daniel Ddu, and author of the "Gwinllan y Beirdd," a volume of Welsh poems, as well as many other Welsh and English compositions, recently committed suicide, by hanging himself with a silk handkerchief in his own bedroom. He was much esteemed by the whole social circle in which he moved; and no motive can be assigned (except insanity) for this rash and fatal act.—Lit. Gazette.

REV. HENRY CODDINGTON

Took his degree at Cambridge in 1820, with the honour of senior wrangler. He obtained a fellowship at Trinity College, and also a sub-tutorship; from which, in time, he retired to the college living of Ware, in Hertfordshire. In science, his principal attention was devoted to optics, on which subject all his publications treated, except, we believe, a small anonymous tract, which he wrote on the principles of the Differential Calculus. His first work on optics was an elementary treatise, the first in our language which introduced the Cambridge student to modern methods; it was published in 1822, and though

taste, which he pursued with an ardour that can best be appreciated by referring to the numerous and valuable works which he gave in succession to the world. Mr. Murray's first production, and when he was a very young man, was, we believe, the "Swiss Emigrants," a tale, published anonymously, but containing proofs of a cultivated mind, and a strong turn for romance, which might have raised him to eminence, had he chosen to select fiction as his peculiar walk of literature. A few years afterwards he enlarged and completed "Dr. Leyden's Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in Africa," which appeared in 1817, in two octavo volumes; his next work was the "Account of the Discoveries and Travels in Asia," which was published in three volumes accessible to any student of moderate mathematical and Travels in America." in two volumes octavo. These productions are supported by which his name as an investigator in mathematical physics will be preserved. The second work, published, in two parts, at Cambridge (1829 and 1830), is that by which his name as an investigator in mathematical physics will be preserved. The second work, published, in two parts, at Cambridge (1829 and 1830), is that by which his name as an investigator in mathematical physics will be preserved. The second work, published, in two parts, at Cambridge (1829 and 1830), is that by which his name as an investigator in mathematical physics will be preserved. The second work, published, in two parts, at Cambridge (1829 and 1830), is that by which his name as an investigator in mathematical physics will be preserved. The second work, published, in two parts, at Cambridge (1829 and 1830), is that by which his name as an investigator in mathematical physics will be preserved. The second part treats of optical instruments in an elementary manner; this econd work from the first is the most complete investigation of the geometrical laws of reflection and refraction, in the case of mirrors and lenses, which exists in our language. Taking for his basis of

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, INVENTIONS, AND IMPROVEMENTS.

MR. BEARD'S FURTHER IMPROVEMENTS IN PHOTOGRA-PHY .- On Thursday we were invited to a private view of the very great improvements recently made by Mr. BEARD in the art of Photography, more especially in the interesting applica-tion of it to the taking of likenesses. Our readers are aware that though photographic portraits were necessarily exact transcripts of form, they were unpleasing, because they did not preserve expression. There was about them a fixedness not seen in nature, and which made them at once like, and yet unlike, the resemblance of the dead corpse to the living man. This was partly owing to the necessity for perfect stillness during the process, but more to the entire absence of colour. The former cannot be removed by any art, but over the latter Mr. Beard has completely triumphed. In the first place, he has shortened the process by rendering the plate more sensitive, thus increasing the chance of seizing a happy expression of the features before it passes away, and making the representation of the figure more vivid. But his grand achievement has been the communication of colour to the picture, thus making a very near approach to the effect of miniature painting, combined with the minute perfection which only the daguerreotype can produce. How Mr. BEARD does this, he does not inform us, but we presume it is applied after the photographic process, and is not a part of the control of applied after the photographic process, and is not a part of it; indeed, the principle of the process forbids any prospect of reproducing colour in the same manner as shadow. ever accomplished, the effect is extremely beautiful. The principal objection to the photographic portraits has been removed. Mr. Beard has succeeded in giving a life-like aspect to the fixed, leaden-hued image hitherto produced. The fidelity of the likeness is wonderful. The art is brought very nearly to perfection, and relations and friends may now preserve faithful portraits of those they love, which they may gaze upon with pleasure as a picture, as well as with affection as an exact resemblance of the loved one.

IMPORTANT MICROSCOPIC RESEARCHES.—Some very curious and important discoveries were made public at the last meeting of the Microscopical Society, by Mr. Quekett the as sistant conservator of the Hunterian Museum, relative to the minute structure of bone in the four great classes of animals. He had found certain characters peculiar to each great class, by which alone, the bones of one class could be recognised from those of another. He then described the minute parts of which the shaft of a long bone is composed, viz. a central or medullary cavity, a series of small canals, and, external to them, a series of bony laminæ, in and between which were arranged concentrically spider-like bodies termed lacunæ, or bone-cells. The bone-cells, he stated, were smaller in Birds, a little larger in Mammalia, and largest of all in the Reptilia, and were, generally speaking, of an oval form, whilst in fishes they were remarkable for their angular shape, and having but few canals branching from them. Mr. Quekett proposes to apply the characters derived from the bone-cells to the determination of the class of animals to which any minute fragment of recent or fossil bone may have belonged. The cells in the bones of fishes are so very peculiar in shape, and those of reptiles being of such a large size, it can at once be determined whether the portion of bone under examination belonged to a reptile or a fish; the only difficulty then lies between the bird and the

mammal. It has already been stated that the cells are smaller in the former than in the latter, and if the fragment be taken from a part at right angles with the shaft of the bone, there is another peculiar character, namely the great tortuosity of the canals, which run for the most part transversely, and wind backwards and forwards, and in many cases destroy the concentric laminate arrangement; this character, combined with the smallness of the bone-cells, is sufficient to enable the practised observer readily to distinguish the bone of a bird from that of any mammalian animal. Anatomists have long been familiar with the fact that in proportion to the size of the blood corpuscles, so is that of the capillaries, and of the muscular and nervous fibres; and it would appear that the same thing held good with respect to the bone-cells. From the highly valuable table of the blood discs, lately published by Mr. Gulliver it appears that the blood particles are largest in reptiles, smallest in mammalia and birds, and in fishes of an intermediate size; and it has already been stated that the bone-cells are largest in reptiles and are much smaller in mammalia and birds; hence it would appear that the bone-cells are subject to the same laws as the capillary, muscular, and other systems, and in the advanced stages of the inquiry, it may possibly turn out that if one or other of these systems be known, that the size of the others may be readily inferred; for throughout any one genus of animals, whether the bone be of very small or of large dimensions, the bone-cells do not vary much in their size; thus there is little or no perceptible difference in the intimate structure of the bones of the enormous Iguanodon of the Wealden formation, and the smallest lizard that we trample under our feet, or between that of the bones of the Mastodon, as compared with those of our smallest mammalian animal, the mouse. The sagacious author of the paper observed that the structure of the bones of the animals now inhabiting the surface of our planet is precisely similar to what it was six thousand years ago, and no doubt would continue so to the end of time. This paper by Mr. Quekett deservedly drew forth the com-mendations of the members and visitors present, since which it has created a great sensation in the scientific world .- Daily

A CLOTHES-DRYING APPARATUS.—Some cunning Yankee down East has invented a new apparatus on which to hang out clothes to dry. On an upright post, which is made to turn, four long arms are fixed at right angles, and through these a cord is passed, at intervals of eighteen inches from the post to the extremity of the arms, much after the fashion of a spider's web. The careful housewife has nothing to do but to take her stand with her basket of wet clothes, and having filled up one of the angles, to turn the machine and repeat the process,

until the whole web is covered.

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

Reichenbach's Researches on Magnetism.

(CONCLUDING NOTICE.)

The extraordinary interest and importance of this work have tempted us to a more lengthened notice than we are wont to give to any single publication. We must now present a short abstract of the remainder of the volume, and commend it to the careful study of our readers, with an anxious hope that all who have the leisure will pursue the path of research here indicated, and make known the results of their investigations through the medium of our columns, which shall be heartly at their service for such an object.

The rays of the sun were found to be powerful magnetisers. With this new force luminous phenomena were proved to be connected. A patient was shut up in a dark cupboard, into which a wire was conveyed through a small aperture. The other extremity of the wire was in a distant room, attached, in turn, to plates of various metals, which were exposed to the sun's rays. As soon as the ray fell upon them the patient saw in the dark cupboard a stream of light eight inches in length, flowing from the wire. "It was gradually pointed, and at the end almost as narrow as a knitting needle, and it diffused round it the most delicious coolness. According as the

plate was moved in and out of the sunshine above stairs, the flame rose and sank in the dark, an interval of more than half a minute always occurring between the change and its effect."

The next trial was with the spectrum, to ascertain whether all the rays possessed the power equally. It was found that the green, and still more the yellow, ray was especially the seat of the force—that is, when the light of

the spectrum was most intense. The property dimin-

ished towards the sides, and disappeared at the ends. The effect of the moon's rays was then investigated. The result was that the power was found to be ten or twelve times greater than that experienced from the sun's rays. "But that which occurred in the case of the moon only, and not with the sun, was a kind of decided attraction in the whole arm towards the wire, so that she felt a tendency to follow the course of the wire with the hand."

Having thus described a little more minutely the effects of the solar and lunar rays, as noticed in the previous article, we proceed to consider the results of

the experiments made with electricity.

It was ascertained by repeated trials that a weak electric current does not act more strongly on patients who are singularly sensitive to the action of magnets, &c. than on healthy persons. This shows that galvanic electricity is not the influence that produces the effects witnessed in animal magnetism.

The conclusions which the author draws from the

various experiments are thus stated :-

Chemical action, as well the ordinary kind as that connected with combustion and the galvanic pile, is a comprehensive source of the magneto-crystalline force.

The most insignificant chemical action is sufficient to develop it abundantly, to charge surrounding objects with it, to exhibit polarity, to produce light, &c.

The magnetic baquet is nothing but a source of chemical

action.

Digestion and respiration, and, in general, the change of matter in the animal body, being chemical processes, are the sources of the magnetic influence which exists and acts in the human frame.

The ghost-like luminous appearances observed above graves, although unseen by most healthy persons, do really exist, are of purely physico-chemical nature, but can only be seen by the highly sensitive.

Electricity is also a source of the power which resides in crystals, &c.; this is true both of friction-electricity, positive and pegritic, and of courted, electricity.

and negative, and of contact-electricity.

Even the electric atmosphere is capable of setting this force in motion at considerable distances.

He then proceeds to ascertain what important part this powerful influence plays in the machinery of the universe.

There are many persons on whom certain substances exert a peculiar influence, which we term antipathy. In catalepsy, the acuteness of the senses is enormously increased, and it was ascertained "that bodies possess a latent power, in virtue of which they act on cataleptics from a certain distance, in a manner analogous to that in which they act by contact in the ordinary state." For details of the minute and curious experiments by which this fact was placed beyond question, the reader must turn to the volume.

Some substances impart a sensation of heat, others of cold. This was perceptible to many persons in perfect health, with whom the experiment was tried. A plate of gold always produced a feeling of warmth to the hand held above it, a plate of sulphur always a sense of cool-

ness.

All who are familiar with the phenomena of mesmerism will at once recognise in these results facts invariably observed, but ridiculed and denied by the ignorant opponents. What will they now say?

The Baron expresses himself taken by surprise at the

discovery that one person influences another at a distance of 100 paces or more. But his amazement, he naively says, "only caused M. REICHEL to smile, she having been all her life familiar with this influence." It is, in truth, not new, although it has come upon the world

with the importance of a new discovery.

The next inquiry was, whether this force was transmissible through other bodies. The Baron narrates a number of experiments by which he assured himself that it is so. But every person who has seen a mesmeric patient will remember how the burning sensation produced by gold is conveyed through a long bar of iron, so that the patient will throw it from him with a cry of pain, the instant it is touched at the other extremity by a piece of gold.

It was discovered that all pure metallic objects were luminous to the patient; compounds were more feebly

so, and each metal had a flame of a peculiar colour.

The indefatigable investigator then sought if there was any, and what, influence in the star-light. The results are very interesting. "When the patient was asked to point out exactly the middle of the north cool region, and the south warm one, she always pointed in the magnetic meridian, never in the astronomical meridian. The light of the milky way was cool, so was that of the constellations. The planets alone produced a sensation of warmth. This squared exactly with the results of the experiments with the sun and moon. Bodies shining with reflected light were warm; those giving out their own light cool."

This proves that there is an action upon us even of the heavenly bodies; that there is a mutual influence between us and the universe. The dream of the poet has thus come to be the great fact of the philosopher.

Another series of experiments was instituted to ascertain if this new force possessed the dualism observed in electricity and magnetism. It was found that, like the latter, it flows from pole to pole in a current. "Crystals have a clearly expressed north and south pole; the cooler being always the north, and the warmer the south pole; and of the human hands, the right agrees with the north, and the left with the south pole, both in males and females."

Another curious fact is, that all fire affects the sensitive, when at a certain distance, with a sensation of cold. This, also, we have often noticed in mesmeric patients

Experiments with living structures were tried. With plants the effects were very various. "In most she found the stalk warm and the flower cool. Trees were found cold at the upper end, warm near the soil. Some plants were cool in the stalk, warm in the flower; a few appeared cold and warm mixed. The roots are warm and positive; the upper end of the leaves cold, or nega-"When nature is least active and vigorous in construction, the result is negative; and where she exhibits propulsion, positive. * * It would appear exhibits propulsion, positive. as if nature, when engaged in formation, must be associated with the positive forms of all the imponderables, as light, heat, electricity, and the new influence; the prevalence of the negative forms being hostile to vitality.

The effect on the animal kingdom was still more remarkable. In the human body it resides most powerfully in the arms and hands. The mouth, with the tongue, is strongly negative and cool. When the mouth is approached to any object, the patients find that object as strongly charged as by contact with a magnet, or the

sun's rays.

The influence in human bodies varies at different parts of the day, and was found to depend much upon the state of the system. Hunger diminished the force; the taking of food increased it, coinciding exactly with the effects of chemical action. At night the force diminished steadily till from two to three a. m. when it remained stationary till dawn. "As the light dissipates the dark- for managing the Hood Fund was held on Thusday last at

ness the force instantly starts upwards, and new life flows into the animated world; vitality and the new force increase anew throughout the day, as long as the sun shines."

The hands being symmetrical, yet in opposite states of the influence, it occurred to the Baron that the brain, being also composed of equal halves, might present the same difference. He found it to be so. The right side produced the sensation of cold, the left of warmth. The force in each side varied in different degrees at different times. "Of the two sides the right is sooner disposed to sleep; and sooner roused to action in the morning, and indeed exhibits generally more excitability, but not more strength than the left."

These facts have a practical application of some value.

Many applications of these facts suggest themselves, but one appears of great practical value. If the day, with its supply of sunlight, and its rising energy of the new force in hands and forchead, is destined for the intellectual exertions of man, and the night with its darkness, its energies sinking in the forehead and rising in the occiput, rather for the unconscious vegetative functions, then everything in our habits which agrees with this arrangement must be favourable, and everything at variance with it unfavourable to our physical It is right, therefore, to eat by day, and not later wellbeing. than some hours before bed-time; because the taking of food and the daylight, both promote the development of the new force, and the chemical action of digestion lasts for some hours. Late eating is followed by broken sleep and dreams; because, while the food favours the activity of the forehead, night, in opposition to this, causes the energy of the hindhead to rise. In these circumstances, there must be an unpleasant struggle in the system. It was found that the nightly fall of the force in the hands and the forehead took place in the author and his daughter exactly as much later than in Mdlle. Reichel, as their dinner-hour was later than hers. He who will go late to bed, does well to eat proportionally late. But to do this is contrary to the natural course of animal life, and must be injurious to health. The sleep obtained about midnight is the most sound and refreshing. This naturally follows from the fact, that sleep naturally comes on at sunset, at the time of the change in the direction of the new force, and continues till, with the sunshine, new force arises in the forehead. If we go late to bed, we must sleep till late in the morning; but in this case the natural current is against us, just as when we go to sleep with a full stomach. known, that when we go late to bed and rise late, we are generally dull and out of spirits, compared with those who accommodate their habits to the arrangements of nature.

From a letter in the appendix addressed by Baron REICHENBACH to Dr. GREGORY, it appears that another series of more recent experiments, confirming the former and conducting to many new and yet more important discoveries, will shortly be published. All lovers of truth will look for them with intense interest, and we hope that Dr. GREGORY will confer upon the British public a further favour by presenting them in a form equally compact, and in language equally intelligible, with the volume before us, which we cannot hesitate to pronounce as the most important contribution to science which our age has received.

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LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

the residence of Mr. David Salomons, the Treasurer, for the purpose of auditing the accounts. 1,000l. has been invested on behalf of the family in the public funds, and a further sum of 200l. will be similarly invested in the course of a few weeks. It is proposed to place a small monument over the remains of the late Mr. Hood, in the Kensal-green Cemetery, for which a sum not exceeding 50% will be raised. The members of the committee subscribed ten guineas towards the sum required, which will no doubt be very soon completed by the many friends and admirers of the deceased poet.

GENERAL SIR HARRY SMITH .- (From the Cambridge Chronicle.)-As every thing connected with our gallant countryman, Sir Harry Smith, will be read with admiration, we present our readers with the following beautiful sonnet, by his talented sister, Mrs. Sargant, published in a small volume of poetry, about the year 1818 :

TO MY BROTHER.

Oh! shall I e'er again that face behold On which enraptured I could ever dwell: Again that form in strict embrace enfold, wak'd to bliss, each anxious fear dispel? Ah! when the battle glows with bloody hate, On scraph wing, ye angels! hover nea Arrest the blow of black impending fate, And save the noble youth—to honour And save the noble youth—to honour dear. But should a cruel hand e'er lay him low, And death in endless sleep his eyelids seal, Unnerve the arm that check'd the daring foe, And from his manly cheek the roses ste Then would I seek the spot where Henry bled,
And make my grave amid the slaughtered dead.

Mrs. Sargant was the wife of Mr. Sargant, attorney, of Whit-Upon her husband's death she established a school for the education of young ladies, at Hackney, and is still living in that neighbourhood, to glory in the well-won laurels of her beloved brother.

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THE CRITIC.—This is the largest, cheapest, and one of the best conducted literary journals published; it is an especial favourite of ours—we always take it up with pleasure and lay it down with regret. Its impartiality, sincerity, and the soundness and honesty of its reviews, have secured for its conductors ness and nonesty of its reviews, have secured for its conductors—for it is not the property of any bookseller—a sale that must be highly gratifying. It is a periodical which was long wanted, and we have no hesitation in stating that to book-clubs and Mechanics' Institutes it is an invaluable publication; and of its cheapness, our readers may judge, when we inform them that 32 quarto pages are sold for 4d.—Nottingham Mercury.

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From April 11 to April 18.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of THE CRITIC, and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in THE CRITIC. Particulars forwarded by letter will be duly inserted.

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weil as nand is required in every branch of Decorative Art.

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